

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks

SEPTEMBER 1943  
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## A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

TO ALL ELKS, GREETINGS:

In this, my first message to the members of the Order of Elks, I wish to convey to all my Brothers the deep sense of gratitude and appreciation that I feel for being chosen as your Grand Exalted Ruler for the ensuing year. To the good and welfare of the Order and to the happiness and success of every member thereof, I dedicate myself.

Let us remind ourselves in these momentous times of the purposes and objects of this great American Fraternity as solemnly declared in the preamble to our Constitution in language as follows: "To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship; to perpetuate itself as a fraternal organization." This declaration should at all times abide in our hearts and live with us forever. During the year that lies ahead, you and I must travel the road of Elkdom together, and if we are to achieve success and uphold and maintain the honor and glory of our Order, we must know and appreciate this all depends upon the proper discharge of our duties and the manner and form of our activities.

Let us therefore determine now to do our utmost to further the work in which we are engaged and to aid in every way the great cause on which we are embarked. Our beloved country is now confronted with the greatest crisis in its history—an all-out global warfare against treacherous and

ruthless foes. Our duty is plain; our responsibility is certain.

In this time of grave trial and danger to our Nation, the Grand Lodge of our Order in your name and on your behalf has solemnly pledged to the President of the United States and the Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces, all the resources and manpower of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. That pledge is our most sacred covenant and must be kept inviolate. Our highest and most essential aim is to carry out this precious obligation to the fullest degree and give of ourselves freely and fearlessly in the fulfillment of this patriotic purpose.

Americans and Elks, our big and all-important job now is to win the War. This job is a challenge to every American. It is a challenge to every Elk on the face of the earth. In my acceptance speech at Boston, I quoted the immortal words of Daniel Webster who declared, "God grants liberty only to those who love it and are always ready to guard and defend it." This should be ever in our hearts as our sweetest prayer of patriotic devotion.

Have courage and strength, my Brothers, to carry on with loyalty and fidelity for the cause of America for Elkdom and for humanity. Keep America always American!

*F. J. Lonergan*



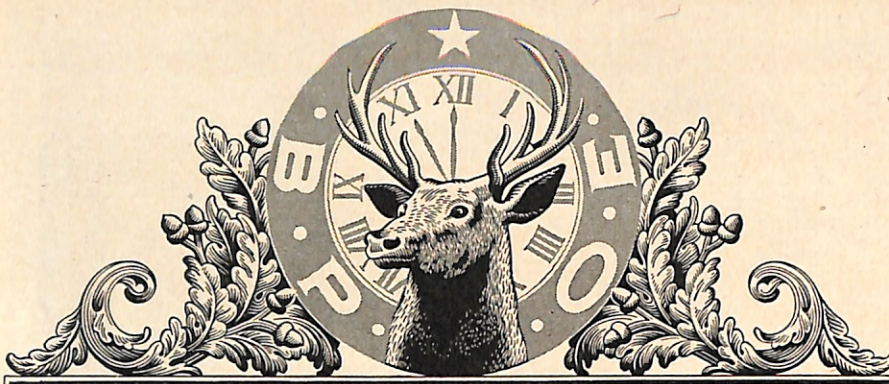


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**THE Elks MAGAZINE**

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."  
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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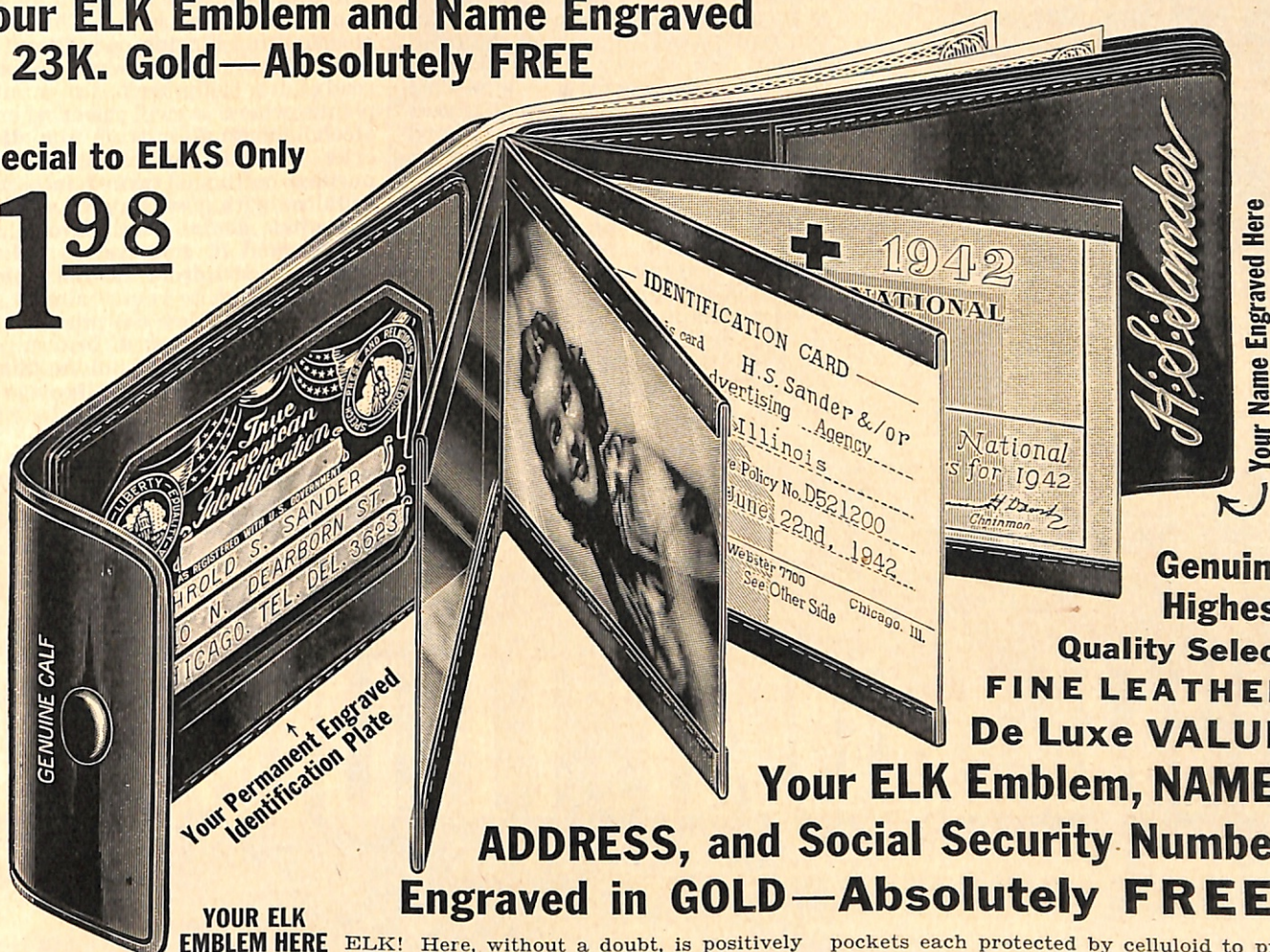


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**S**TEP right up, boys, you all look as though you could use a drink—a shot of smokeless powder for Adolf, a beaker of butadiene for Tojo and a mug of mustard gas for any murderous muddle-head who asks for it.

Who's mixing these "mickies" for the Axis? Why, none other than those ingratiating gentlemen who used to serve highballs and cocktails to the voters—the whiskey distillers.

Whiskey has gone to war, into smokeless powder, mustard gas, butadiene, the stuff from which synthetic rubber is made—for this oaf Mars is a crapulent drinker, he takes his alcohol pure and potent and his

saturation point is an unknown quantity. To appease his insatiable thirst this year we will have to pour 530,000,000 gallons of war alcohol down his noisy gullet. That's a long drink. It means that American distilleries will really have to cook on the front burner, for approximately half of the enormous amount of war alcohol our war machine burns up this year will come from distilleries owned and operated by our whiskey makers.

Each ear-splitting blast of a big gun represents many gallons of industrial alcohol, high-proof alcohol used in the manufacture of smokeless powder. Statistics show that each 100,000 pound lot of smokeless powder uses up about 40,000 pounds of war alcohol.

Alcohol from a whiskey distillery seems like a far cry from smokeless powder. So, for that matter, does cot-

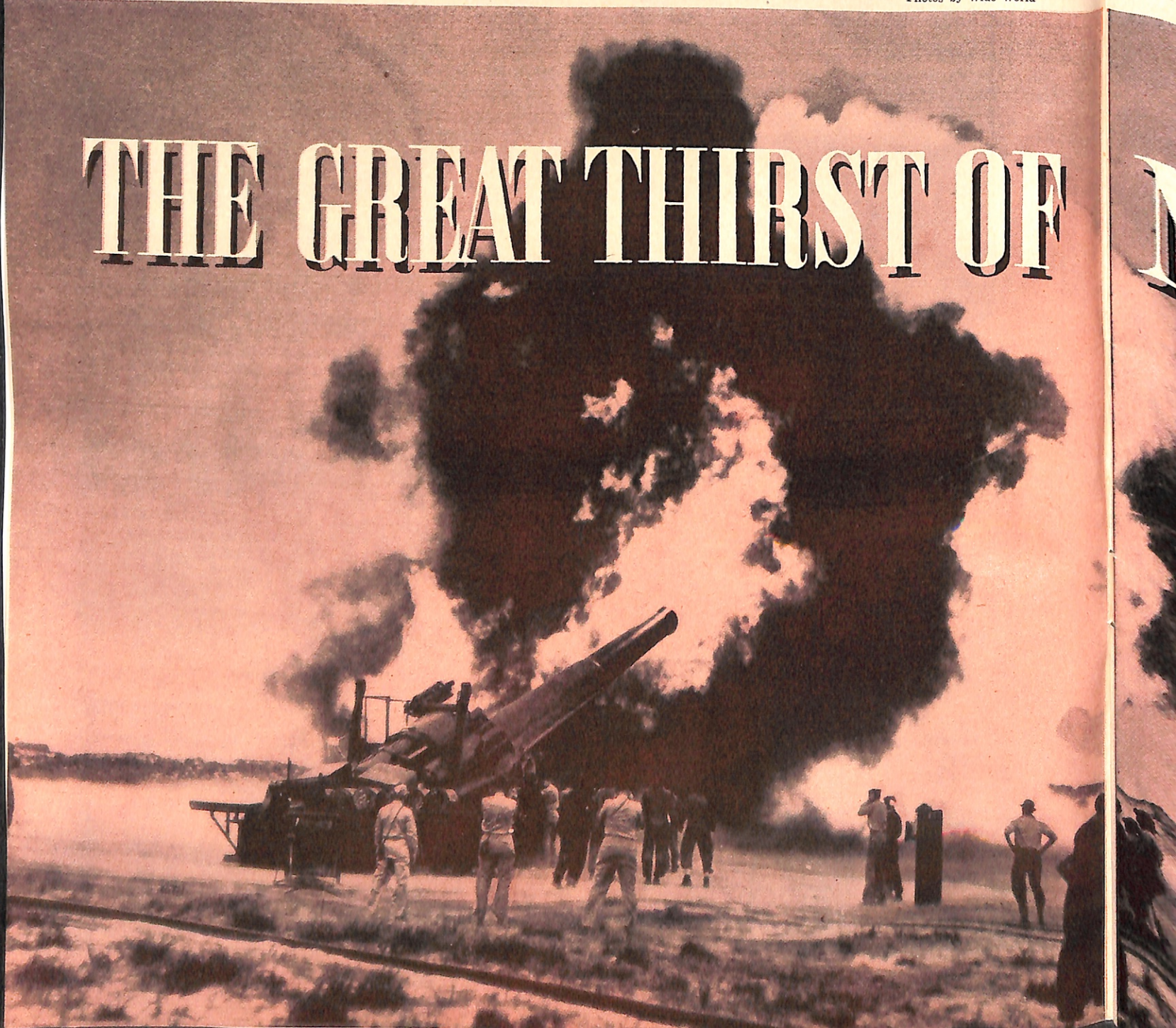
ton. Yet both cotton and alcohol are essential to the manufacture of the stuff that propels the shells.

First of all, the cotton has its oil and wax removed in a boiling solution of caustic soda. Then it is bleached in chlorine, wrung out and dried like the week's wash. Now it's ready for shipment to munition plants where it will meet the war alcohol coming in from the distilleries. At the munitions plant the purified cotton is turned into nitrocellulose with a soaking in sulphuric and nitric acids. This nitrocellulose is drenched in cold water and then revived in 190-proof alcohol which is strong enough to revive almost anything. By this time the nitrocellulose has been compressed into a solid block. The war alcohol is pumped through the block and, like the fine alcohol it is, forces out all the water.

**Each ear-splitting blast of a big gun represents many gallons of industrial alcohol.**

Photos by Wide World

# THE GREAT THIRST OF

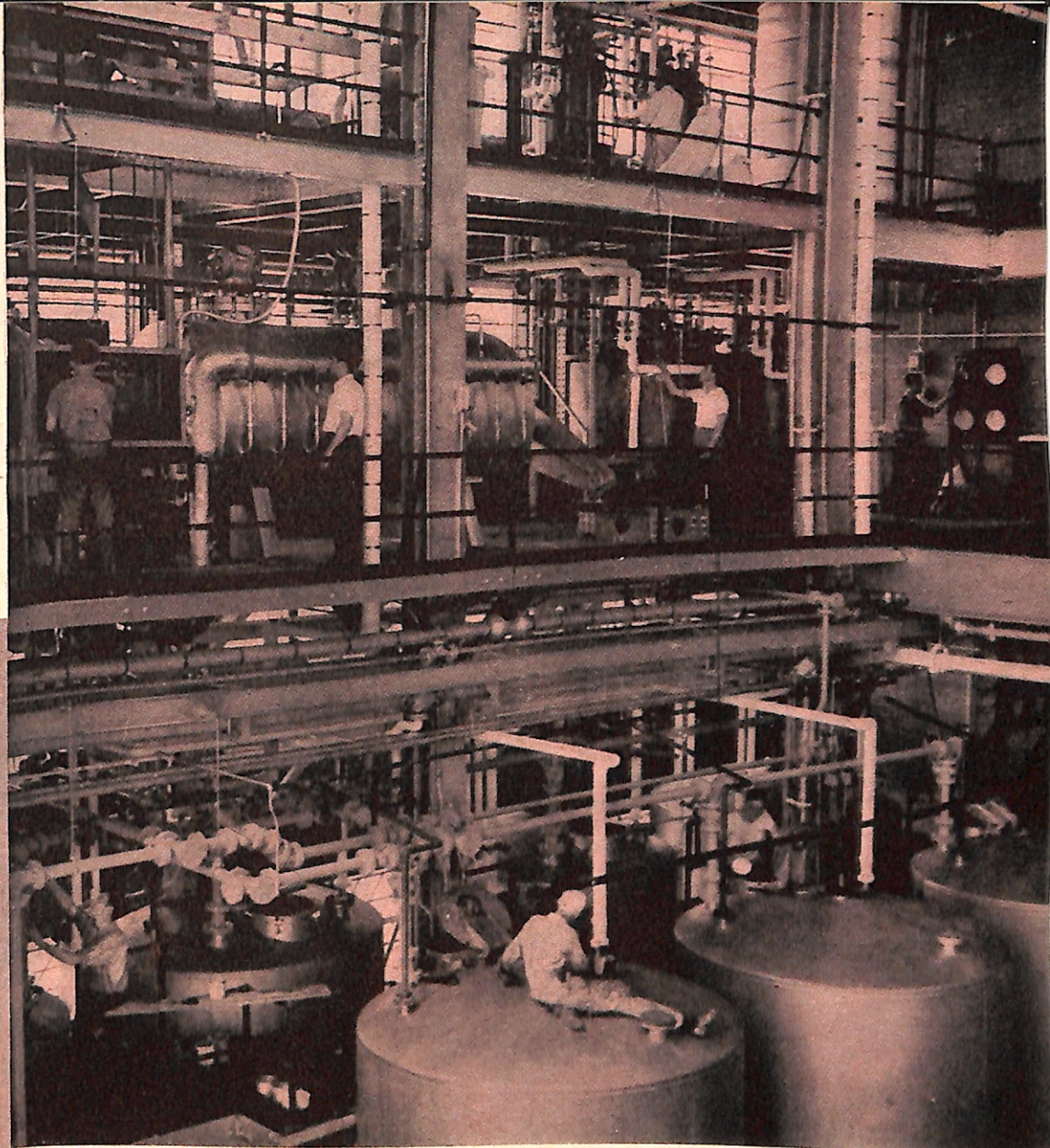




Big fermentation tanks are on the ground floor, above, feeding tanks which lead to fermentors to produce ethyl alcohol.

Then this well-proofed block of nitrocellulose is broken up into little pieces by a machine called a block-breaker, before it gets another soaking in alcohol. Eventually this nitrocellulose becomes sticks of smokeless powder, sticks that look like chewing gum. This chewing gum is the propellant that carries bullets and shells through the air in deadly trajectories. Some of this smokeless powder is as thin as the lead in a pencil; some as thick as a hotdog—the first type would be for rifles; the second for cannon. There are holes in these strips of chewing gum, one hole for a rifle strip, seven holes for a

# MARS



**Whiskey has gone to war, into smokeless powder, mustard gas and butadiene. Mars takes his alcohol straight and potent.**

**By Philip Harkins**

cannon strip. As the powder burns, generating a gas that propels the bullet or shell, the holes in the strips slow down and control the burning rate, making for a uniform rate of speed.

War alcohol made from whiskey is necessary for the manufacture of smokeless powder—it is also essential to the manufacture of synthetic rubber.

A year ago the Baruch rubber committee estimated that our military and essential machinery would consume 842,000 tons of rubber by January, 1944. In the same breath,

the Baruch rubber committee announced that the U. S. rubber stockpiles held only 631,000 tons of rubber. Although rubber stretches, it was fairly obvious that 631,000 tons could not be stretched as far as 842,000 tons. A gap of approximately 200,000 tons had to be filled with synthetic rubber.

We are banking on a type of synthetic rubber called Buna S. Buna S does not come from Buna Mission, New Guinea, but, ironically, some of it comes from Germany by way of a formula once the property of the

*(Continued on page 33)*







By  
**Stanley  
Frank**

# A Toe On The Threshold

**Many are called but few are chosen  
for baseball's Hall of Fame.**

**W**HEN World War II has become a bad dream distorted grotesquely by the mirror of time, it may be that the most frequent nonpolitical mention of this period will be made by the reporters and recorders of baseball. They will have occasion constantly to refer to the war as an event that ruined or interrupted irreparably, at least, some of the brightest careers the game ever has known.

Fine, young players such as Bob Feller, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg and Pete Reiser ranked with the greatest stars any generation has yet produced. This, we know, is a sweeping statement; it will be resented or ridiculed by the old-timers. Memory is a tenacious thing that takes on a mellow quality as sharp, critical impressions become indistinct. Distance lends enchantment and invests men and achievements with a patina of tradition that is increasingly richer and thicker as time goes by. Whistle the patter.

Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb are fixtures in the all-time, all-star outfield and no one ever will displace them, regardless of the evidence of the records. If a shortstop should come along during baseball's second century to go through four errorless seasons and compile a lifetime batting average of .487, we rather suspect that Hans Wagner still will be considered the greatest shortstop who ever lived. The Mathewson and Johnson legends have such a strong hold on the imagination that it is doubtful whether any pitcher will be ranked on a par with them, much less put on a pedestal above them.

Performances in all sports are improving constantly. It is entirely logical to assume that outstanding ball players of the future will be better than the hallowed stars of the past, but sentiment is in the habit of rejecting logic. Despite the struggle between romance and realism, we know by every applicable standard that Feller, Williams, DiMaggio, Greenberg and Reiser had a tentative toe on the threshold of the Hall of Fame, the baseball shrine at Cooperstown, N. Y. No one can foretell whether they, and the 250-plus other major leaguers in the Service, will come back safe and sound to resume their careers. Nobody knows how much longer the war will last and what physical toll it will take of men who, in the final analysis, have

nothing to sell but their health.

The stars already have lost the time that could have meant financial independence for the rest of their lives, but we are not thinking of that now. We are thinking—as the players themselves will twenty years hence—only of the time they have

lost. Time that never can be recaptured and which can keep them out of the Hall of Fame unless special consideration is given them by the men who govern elections to the Hall.

If not for the war, and barring a  
(Continued on page 42)





Never before have the American people known so much about the battles their boys are fighting at the front. Books are supplying much of this information.

By Harry Hansen



Sgt. M.H.E. Marsden, author of "Khaki Is More Than a Color".

# What America is reading



**D**OCTORS are a remarkable breed of men. There are some who make reputations and fortunes, and others who make reputations without fortunes, and the great majority makes a living and often works under the most adverse conditions, keeping hours that would get them thrown out of any ordinary labor union. A doctor who goes into the wilds, or to strange foreign lands as physician and surgeon, has something of the missionary spirit in him, and that means a love of helping others. Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave is a case in point and his career shows how a doctor happens to choose the wilds of Burma. Dr. Seagrave was born in a family of missionaries in Burma, and as his great grandfather had pioneered there, he might have called himself more truly Burmese than anything else, but he gained his education in Granville, Ohio, and at Johns Hopkins; married a girl from Illinois, and returned to Burma with a thoroughly American household. And in "Burma Surgeon" he describes what was a medical missionary's lot in the jungle lands, until the Japanese brought the war to his doorstep and he took his place in history as the remarkable doctor of Stillwell's retreat.

To Dr. Seagrave these are experiences; to me his book is a revelation of character. He never seems to have had any doubt about going back to Burma to do the hardest kind of work in an improvised hospital. He had that in mind in Johns Hopkins where he begged for the broken-down medical instruments they were about to throw away, knowing that there would be use for them in Burma. He sailed for Burma with his wife and child and "with dreams of the marvelous surgery we were going to do for the aborigines of the Shan states". He can say, when telling that his job is to "cut and tie, cut and tie—that's all there is to surgery". But his experience with operations had not been large when he began; he studied and operated, sometimes with nausea, but he did it, for he "never had

(Continued on page 46)

Captain Ted W. Lawson, author of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", with Robert Con-sidine, editor of the book.



# In the DOGHOUSE with Ed Faust



**Mr. Faust considers the problems of the loose dog and the confirmed barker as no small matter**

I believe that the future status of our acquaintance will remain quo. Or if it ever does ripen it will be within the walls of the nearest lunatic asylum, because I've moved into a town that harbors practically all the loose dogs in this county immediately north of New York City. I'd be willing to swear that every last one of them is an exhibitionist determined to let the world know that he or she is very much alive. You never heard such persistent barkers! There's one canine alarm clock up the street which I truly believe to be mentally off his trolley. He trots up and down barking continually—at nothing. He's a pint-size nondescript terrier and I'm firmly convinced that he thinks he's a St. Bernard. The words he has caused me to use have utterly ruined whatever chance I may have had to pass through the Pearly Gates. When I say he's cuckoo, I mean it. Dogs can get that way, you know. I once owned one that was daffy.

Now, the problems of the loose dog and the confirmed barker are no  
(Continued on page 43)

THE last thing I expected was to have a pretty girl—and she is as pretty as a Christmas tree—suddenly rush up to me and call me sweetheart. Other than being aware that she lives somewhere on my street, I scarcely know the gal. It happened one evening when I was leaving my favorite dispensary. Obviously excited, she hurried across to my side of the street, stopped and to my astonishment she asked "Did you see sweetheart?"

Almost immediately her excitement was communicated to me.

Now, while never a ladies man, on the other hand I don't hire out to frighten children. I was flattered that she could so easily discern my charms. But that word "see" sounded dubious as I knew that I hadn't camped in that mantrap long enough to affect my vision.

"Did I see what, darling?"

She looked at me fixedly and said "I mean my cocker spaniel, Sweetheart." Overlooking the explanatory pause between the words spaniel and Sweetheart, I said, "Dearie, I have not seen your cocker spaniel. But I'll help you look for it, precious."

Her next question left me as bewildered as a chameleon on a Scotsman's kilt. "I suppose you think you're funny? You are very fresh. But I don't wonder, you've probably spent hours and hours guzzling inside. Gracious and glory! I'd rather die than call you such a name. I meant my new dog. Her name is Sweetheart and she's lost."

Right there I descended to my old standing.

"No, I haven't seen your pooch and what's more, Missy, I have not spent hours bending my elbow. Furthermore, with all the darn crazy dogs in this town I wouldn't recognize your pooch if I fell over her."

Ylla From Rapho





THE desk telephone snarled briefly, then again.

"Go ahead," I answered wearily, mopping a sweat-dewed face. "You dropped the nickel."

"This is the Mother's Helper Diaper Service," replied the familiar voice of a friend, a stockbroker by profession but an angler by choice and the proud owner of a 26-foot seaskiff. "May we have the pleasure of serving you? Our product doesn't leak, chafe or hang down at the knees."

"Look, Pete," I answered him. "Fun is fun, but I'm in no mood to bandy quips today. It's about 97 here in the office and I'm up to my tonsils in work. Besides, I'm a social outcast, and it's all your fault. Go sell some sucker a block of Amalgamated Flyswatter, preferred, and let me alone."

"Exactly why I phoned you," he replied. "What you need is the soothing coolness of ocean breezes and a brisk workout with a fish. This evening, pal, we're going out and bounce around on the Atlantic's heaving bosom. The boat's all gassed—everything's set. I'll pick you up soon as the Exchange closes."

"The answer," I flung back, "is no. N—o—period. Last week was enough. I wouldn't go tuna chumming with you again for a farm. I still smell to Heaven of rotten fish; cats follow me around the streets. Socially, my name is mud."

"How's that?" came over the wire.

"Remember that party I attended the night after we went fishing?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I was introduced to a bright-eyed young thing and five minutes later she sniffed, wrinkled her nose and asked me did I feed the seals once or twice a day."

"Some dames are too fussy," Pete commented. "Then what happened?"

"Then I heard the hostess ask her husband to look around and see if he could find what the cat or dog had dragged into the house. She seemed completely unstrung. And that," I concluded, "is why I refuse to join you in your piscatorial vices. Sane fishing, yes. Tuna chumming, no."

"Okay," he replied. "I'll be around about three-thirty and pick you up. Kindly don't keep me waiting." And with that the phone clicked.

It might be best at this point to explain the mechanics of tuna chumming. This rugged pastime was played by thousands of anglers along the East Coast every summer until Schicklgruber's minions—and the U. S. Navy—put a damper on the sport. Most of the activity was centered off New York and Jersey, with the best of it usually spotted off the last-mentioned place.

The fishing technique is one of complete simplicity. About all that's required, aside from a boat and tackle, which can be rented, is a strong stomach and back, unlimited patience and practically no brains.

(Continued on page 40)

# Red AND Gun



The bluefish is tops to Mr. T. for savagery and fighting heart.

By  
Ray Trullinger





# Editorial

Every organization must decide for itself how much it can invest and how much it can expend and still leave its treasury in condition to carry on its work. One of the older and wiser heads of the Order drops a word against extravagant expenditures now that the treasuries are so prosperous, and calls attention to the importance and necessity of conserving assets for the future.

## Garden of the Gods

A MAN of keen insight who encircled the globe many times, returning from one of his pilgrimages to view his native land, chanced on the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs in the State of Colorado and on visiting this beauty spot proclaimed it the superior of anything he had seen in all his travels. To those who read these lines and who have visited the Garden it will be readily understood that any attempted description of the various formations must be inadequate to convey any clear idea of their appearance as they fit into the general picture of mountain scenery which surrounds on all sides. The world famous Pikes Peak comprises a fitting background.

Several of the rocks are more than 300 feet high and form the general outline of the Garden which embraces many grotesque shapes justifying the various names assigned to them such as Kissing Camels, Ships Rock, Christ and the Twelve Apostles, Cathedral Spires, Washer Woman, Balanced Rock, Punch and Judy, Stage Coach, Lion's Head and many similar names, to all of which the rocks in question bear similarity often suggesting the name even to the unimaginative.

Legend has it that many, many moons ago, when the Ute Indians were living in peace at the foot of the Holy Mount (Pikes Peak), a barbaric host of giants advanced from the plains. They were so big, according to legend, that in sight of their foes, "the Utes were as grasshoppers". Accompanying the giants were monstrous beasts.

## Facts, Figures and a Word of Caution

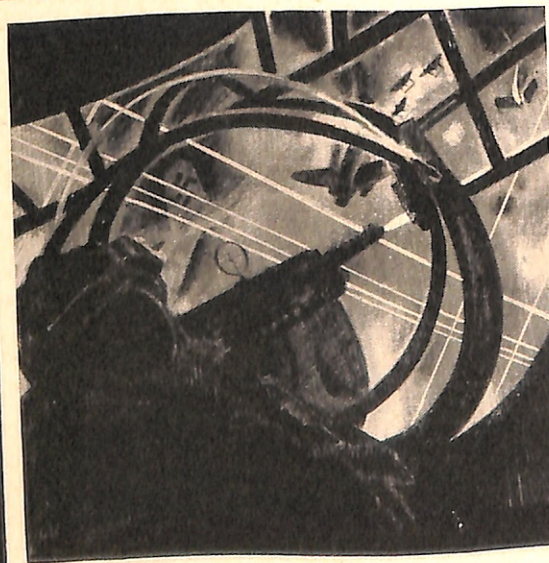
THE books of the Grand Secretary for the past fiscal year, ended May 31, 1943, disclose the Order to be in splendid condition. On that date the membership was 547,718—a gain during the year of 40,831. The present membership is larger but the exact number cannot be stated. It is estimated, however, that 20,000 members have been added during the present fiscal year which makes a good start for the year.

But the showing in increased membership is not the only improvement shown by the Grand Secretary's records for the year. The cash in the treasuries of subordinate lodges shows a gain of \$1,686,095.87 over the preceding year and stood at the close of the year at a total of \$6,723,040.92. The total assets of the subordinate lodges stands at \$89,685,907.64, which is a gain of \$7,412,185.16 over the preceding year.

The subordinate lodges have invested over ten million dollars in War Bonds and have sent nearly 50,000 gift boxes to members in the Armed Forces.

These statistics make a showing of which the Order may feel justly proud but it is less than might have been accomplished, by so large an organization. Some have given all and even more than they could well afford while others have given much less than they could have afforded.

Decorations by John J. Floherty, Jr.





The Utes, terrorized, prayed to their great god Manitou, whose gaze caused the giants and their beasts instantly to turn to stone. Thus was formed the Garden of the Gods, according to the Red Man.

There are widely varying stories about the origin of the Garden's name, but the most universally accepted version concerns a Col. M. S. Beach, a pioneer Coloradoan, and a Kansas City attorney named Rufus Cable, who were riding through the Garden in August, 1859.

At that time there were no roads through the Garden; indeed, it had hardly been explored by white men. Seeing that his friend was literally gasping at the magnificent sights of the place, Col. Beach asked mischievously:

"Don't you think this would be a great place for a metropolitan beer garden?"

"How you talk, Colonel," Mr. Cable replied indignantly. "Why, this is a fit place for a Garden of the Gods." The story circulated and thus the Garden got its name.

The Garden of the Gods was a part of the public domain until 1879, when it became part of the property of an Eastern railroad man, Charles E. Perkins. Mr. Perkins intended building a summer home on it, but when he personally examined the magnificence of the garden, decided that no buildings of man should destroy the beauty of God's work. His children gave the property to the city of Colorado Springs in the early part of the 20th century, and it is now a part of the municipal park system.

### Building and Other Permits

**O**CCASIONALLY a lodge gets into trouble by failing to comply with the provisions of Section 208, Grand Lodge Statutes, which among other things provides as follows:

"A subordinate lodge, before acquiring property for or constructing a home, or making substantial additions to or alteration of its home, or mortgaging, refinancing,

selling or exchanging its property, shall obtain a permit from the Board of Grand Trustees with the approval of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Application for such permit must be made in writing upon forms furnished by said Board and shall set forth the proposed plans for and methods of financing the project, and such other information as the said Board may require."

The Statute sets out the steps to be taken in order to obtain such permit. The reading of it in its entirety is recommended before any commitments are made with reference to the matters enumerated in the quoted excerpt.

The blunt question is sometimes asked as to what right the Grand Lodge has thus to inject itself into the affairs of a subordinate lodge and why such a statute was enacted. The answer is easy and will be readily appreciated and the action in adopting the statute recognized as wise and salutary.

Most laws enacted by the Congress and by State Legislatures have had their inception in some act or practice, the inhibition or regulation of which seems to be necessary or advisable in the public interest. In enacting the instant statute the Grand Lodge was similarly motivated. The fact that many lodges had over-extended themselves financially by assuming obligations in connection with the acquisition of sites and the erection of lodge and club buildings made it necessary for the Grand Lodge in the interest of the Order to exert its power to limit and regulate these activities which were running wild. Some lodges had thus destroyed themselves and others had suffered impairment of their standing in the community due to their inability to meet their financial obligations. The situation became intolerable and reflected discredit not only on individual lodges but on the whole Order.

The remedy applied in this statute is not drastic, as it is easy to comply with its provisions. Such applications are sympathetically considered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by the Board of Grand Trustees and only those are rejected which manifestly should be rejected in the interests of the lodge making the application.





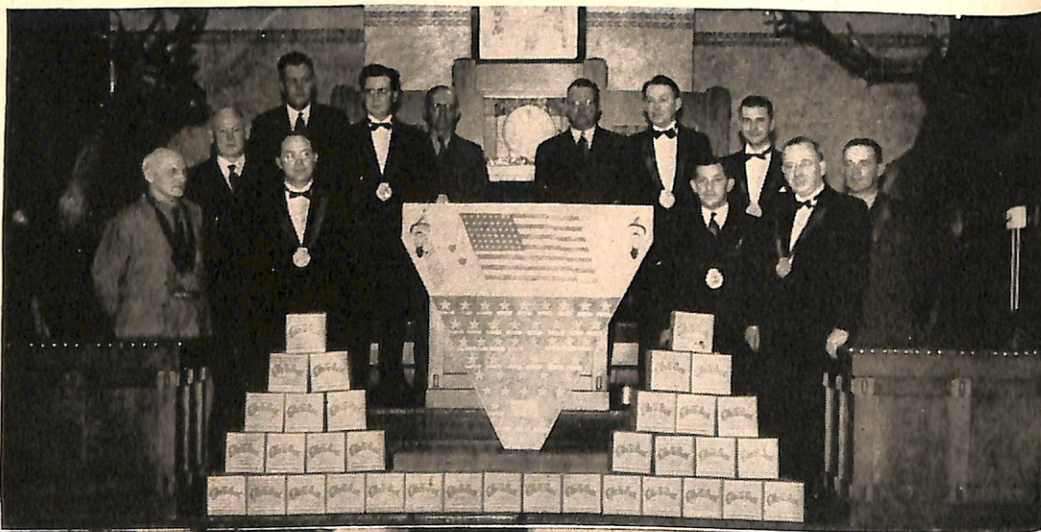


Above are those who were present at the meeting of Army and Navy representatives and members of the Elks War Commission at the Elks War Conference in Boston, Mass., in July, discussing plans for the Elks to assist in the recruitment of Army Engineers and Navy Seabees. Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Loneragan and Chairman of the Elks War Commission James R. Nicholson are seated center.

# THE ELKS IN THE WAR

Below: The "Joe Foss Squadron" and officials who inducted Naval Aviation Cadets at Yankton, climaxing the V-5 campaign conducted in South Dakota by Elk lodges. Standing center is Major Joe Foss, USMC, America's No. 1 Ace.

Below are the officers of Anaconda, Mont., Lodge, shown following a "G" Box dinner dance when 35 of the gift boxes were filled for shipment to members in the Armed Service.





Right are some of those who participated in the Dallas, Tex., Lodge War Bond Drive held during the Texas State Elks Assn. Convention. More than \$135,000 was netted in the three-day campaign.



Left are members of Columbia, S. Car., Lodge who participated in the Lodge's sale of War Bonds. From left to right are Senator James H. Hammond, U. S. District Attorney Claud N. Sapp, Governor Olin D. Johnston and Jeff B. Bates, Treasurer of South Carolina and Chairman of the Drive. These four men were responsible for a \$300,000 sale of Bonds.

Right are servicemen of the Army Air Forces and of the U. S. Navy at the Elks Fraternal Center of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge. Several hundred servicemen visit the Center each week.



Below is the 70-piece championship band of the Patrick Henry High School of Minneapolis, Minn. The group entertain 1500 soldiers and their ladies twice a month at Fort Snelling in a program sponsored by the Minnesota State Elks Assn.



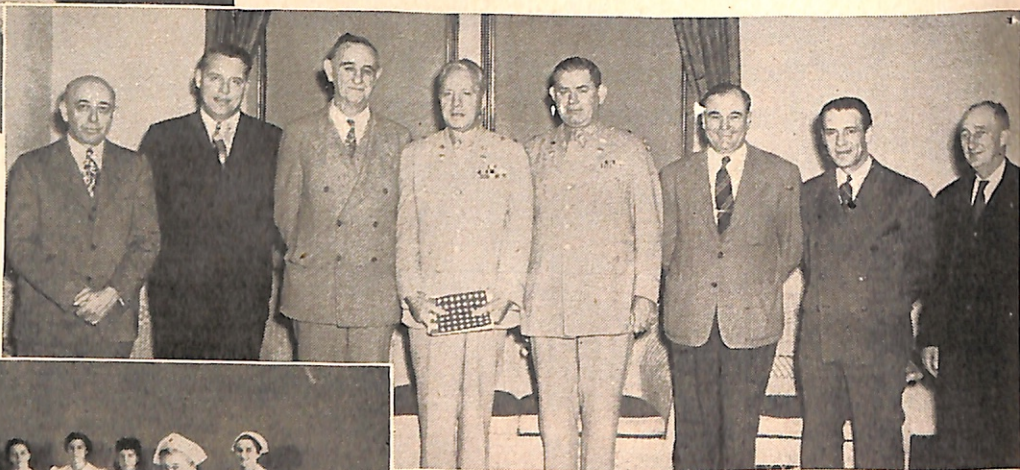




Above are officers of El Centro, Calif., Lodge with the 21 girls who helped the Lodge sell \$300,250 Series E War Bonds in the "Buy a Bomber" campaign of which the quota was \$175,000. They bought the bomber, added a pursuit ship and then tossed in the remainder of this huge amount for good measure.



Above: Harper R. Clark, Chairman of the War Bond Committee of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, is shown being congratulated by J. George Eierman of the U. S. Treasury on the outstanding achievement of the Lodge in selling \$6,160,000 in War Bonds. E.R. Charles A. Hook is seen at left.



Above are some of those who were present when Major General James A. Ullo, Adjutant General of the U.S. Army, was initiated into Fargo, N. D., Lodge. Among those in the picture are Lynn U. Stambaugh, Past National Commander of the American Legion; Sam Stern, former member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and P.E.R. General G. A. Fraser.



Above are some of those who at Troy, Ohio, Lodge have contributed largely to the Blood Donor program. They are shown in the canteen where a nourishing lunch is given following the donation.



Right are soldiers from adjacent camps being entertained in the Fraternal Center of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge. Many of the boys are members of the Order.



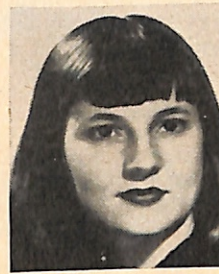
# The Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees



**FIRST PRIZE**  
Dorothy Nauss Perkins,  
Gloucester, Mass.



**FIRST PRIZE**  
Don V. Harris, Jr.,  
Bluffton, Ind.



**SECOND PRIZE**  
Babette de Bary,  
Leonia, N. J.



**SECOND PRIZE**  
John H. Muehlstein,  
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.



**THIRD PRIZE**  
Mary Catherine  
McMillion,  
Gettysburg, Pa.



**THIRD PRIZE**  
Charles Edwin Horning,  
Wallace, Idaho



**FOURTH PRIZE**  
Verla Pownell,  
Rivesville, W. Va.



**FIFTH PRIZE**  
Florence M. Ubertini,  
Cortland, N. Y.



**FIFTH PRIZE**  
David M. Logan,  
White River Junction,  
Vermont

THE Supplementary Report of the Elks National Foundation was presented to the Elks War Conference which took place during the 79th Convention of the Grand Lodge at Boston, Massachusetts, on Wednesday afternoon, July 14, at the Fourth Business Session. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Vice Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, delivered the report before the assemblage.

Mr. Benjamin announced that there were five top prize scholarships for boys and five for girls, and an additional five \$100 scholarship awards for boys and also five for girls.

During the course of his address, Mr. Benjamin introduced to the gathering

the winners of the first prize in each category. They were Miss Dorothy Nauss Perkins, daughter of the old-time baseball player, Cy Perkins, and Mr. Don V. Harris, Jr., of Bluffton, Ind., who received a similar award.

Mr. Benjamin announced that he could not give the history of all of these twenty scholars, for that would make his report too long, but he said that he felt the gathering should have the details of at least some of the top prize-winning boys and girls, and then the names of the other winners.

With this report, delivered with great eloquence by Mr. Benjamin, we publish the pictures of nine of the ten top scholarship winners. The tenth, winner of the

fourth prize in the scholarship contest, is Mr. Stanley Morgan of Salt Lake City, Utah, who was called into the Service of our country and whose picture is not available. Mr. Benjamin's report follows below:

The youth of today gazes out upon life's landscape in apprehension and bewilderment, with a half-dawning conviction that he may never come in sight of the castle of his dreams. The light of his sapphire skies is darkened by the smoke of battle—the peace of silent hills, the shelter of green forest where youthful feet have wandered no longer hold promise of future happy idle hours. Their days are like swift fleeing meteors, fast

(Continued on page 32)



## The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT THE hour of eleven on the morning of Wednesday, July 14, the Elks 79th Grand Lodge Convention, held in Boston, Massachusetts, had already adjourned its Third Business Session to devote the remainder of the morning to the Memorial Service customarily held for departed members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

At eleven strokes of the chimes, the curtains on the rostrum of the magnificent ball room of the Hotel Statler parted slowly to reveal a stage banked with flowers and ferns and lighted with tall candelabra, with the organ softly playing "Ave Maria". Acting as Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of To-

ledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, repeated the Elks Eleven O'Clock Toast. He then called upon Grand Chaplain Reverend Father P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110, to lead the Grand Lodge in prayer. At the conclusion of his moving invocation, a solo, "Crossing the Bar", was sung by Thomas A. Quinn, of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839.

Next, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, who is noted for his oratory and fine voice, delivered the opening remarks, and then Grand Chaplain Father McGeough rendered the most beautiful and famous of the Psalms, the Twenty-Third. At the close of his recital,

a quartet sang "Lead, Kindly Light".

It was next the privilege of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin to deliver the Memorial Address, which was received with visible emotion by the hundreds of Elks and their families who were present. It was a tender and affecting tribute to those members of our Order who have passed on during the year.

Mr. Benjamin's moving address was followed by the selection, "Abide with Me", sung by the quartet. As the last strains faded out, the audience rose for the benediction pronounced by Grand Chaplain Father McGeough, and the Grand Lodge of Sorrow came to a close with the organ playing a Recessional.





Left are members of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, shown with some of the tin they salvaged in a Tin Can Salvage Drive. Almost 55,000 pounds of tin were shipped to the de-tinning plant in San Francisco.

# Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges  
Throughout the Order

## Elks Hold an Informal Meeting Aboard Ship

Through the efforts of B. R. Rheinhardt, an informal meeting of all Elks aboard the *U.S.S. Rochambeau* was called on March 17. Many members of the Order responded and it was found that nine States, California, Ohio, New York, Colorado, Indiana, Illinois, Arkansas, West Virginia and Oregon, were represented. The names of those present and the lodges in which they held mem-

bership are as follows: BM 1/c B. R. Rheinhardt, Long Beach, Calif., No. 888; MM 1/c William McNulty, Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842; SK 3/c D. F. Marshall, P.E.R., Barberton, O., No. 982; SK 3/c C. T. Meyer, Tiffin, O., No. 94; MM 2/c Albert Ingersoll, Greeley, Colo., No. 809; SK 3/c Richard G. Elliott, P.E.R., Logansport, Ind., No. 66; SC 3/c Harry R. Glazner, Los Angeles, Calif., No. 99; BM 2/c "Doc" Dougherty, San Francisco, Calif., No. 3; SK 3/c J. P. Germer, Olney, Ill., No. 926; Corp. H. Miller, Charleston,

W. Va., No. 202; S 1/c Walter J. Bora, Secretary, Ticonderoga, N. Y., No. 1494; SF 3/c Fred Sergio, Freeport, N. Y., No. 1253; PM 3/c J. D. Kelly, The Dalles, Ore., No. 303; PM 3/c R. E. Tyler, Alameda, Calif., No. 1015; WT 2/c W. H. Francis, San Francisco, Calif., No. 3; SC 2/c N. P. Reese, San Francisco, Calif., No. 3, and SK 3/c H. H. Prioleau, North Little Rock, Ark., No. 1004.

A fine fraternal spirit prevailed during the meeting, and light refreshments were served. A motion to hold another meeting on March 22, the time and place to be announced in the *Pacific Press*, was made. Mr. Tyler, Mr. Francis, Mr. Reese and Mr. Prioleau attended the second meeting.

## Lansing Lodge Receives Special Award from Treasury Department

For its promotional efforts and participation in sales of War Bonds and Stamps, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, has earned and received the recognition of the United States Treasury Department. The lodge was presented recently with a Special Minute Man Flag Award and Certificate of Merit for patriotic endeavors, including the sale of about \$170,000 worth of Bonds and Stamps since August, 1942. An additional amount of approximately \$75,000 was invested by the lodge itself.

Presentation of the special recognition flag, first of its kind given to any Lansing organization, was made at a regular lodge meeting in April by the local representative of the U. S. Treasury Department, Claud Erickson, a member of No. 196, Chairman of the Ingham County War Bond Sales Committee. The award was accepted by Esteemed Leading Knight J. C. Wood, Chairman of the lodge's War Commission, and Harold G. Burwick, Exalted Ruler, who was installed on April 7. Participating in the ceremony were W. Harold Kramer, immediate Past Exalted Ruler, during whose administration the remarkable record was attained, Esteemed Loyal Knight Claude C. Atchison, Esteemed Lecturing Knight Linden V. Glazier and Secretary Harry Green, all members of the War Commission of which Mr. Green is also the secretary. Mr. Erickson stated

Below: Officers and members of Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge photographed at a meeting when five wheel chairs were presented by the Lodge to the Chicago Heart Association.







Above are some of those who were recently initiated, as part of the "John J. Sullivan Victory Class", into New York, N. Y., Lodge No. 1. A total of 135 men joined the Order in this Class.

Right are shown a few of those who were present at Winston-Salem, N. Car., Lodge's Fish Fry, given in honor of 100 air students who are training at a local airport.



that the Treasury Department had recognized the other war promotion activities in which the lodge is engaged, including the despatching of "G" Boxes to members in the U.S. Armed Forces, recruiting for Army Air Corps enlistments, erecting an honor roll in the lobby of the lodge home, setting up a First Aid Station in the lobby and collecting magazines and books for men who are serving overseas.

That the attitude of the membership of No. 196 is intensely patriotic was indicated during the April War Bond Drive when the lodge's pledge of \$25,000 was oversubscribed by double that amount. At the time this item was written, the lodge was planning to put on a mammoth radio show for all servicemen in the Lansing area and to give Colors to the 310th College Training Detachment of the U. S. Army Air Corps stationed on the Michigan State College campus.

### Rochester, Pa., Lodge Observes The Order's 75th Anniversary

The initiation of the largest class in the history of Rochester, Pa., Lodge,

No. 283, was a feature of the lodge's observance of the Diamond Jubilee Anniversary of the Order. The exemplification of the ritualistic work by a degree team made up of Past Exalted Rulers from four lodges in the Northwest District, brought praise for the skill with which it was handled. The team was captained by P.E.R. Arthur J. Harty, of Winchester Lodge No. 1445, a Past President of the Mass. State Elks Assn. Three hundred guests were present.

Introduced by E.R. Dan M. Short, Grand Trustee Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., delivered an inspiring address. He was presented with a handsome traveling bag by P.E.R. Baden

R. Dawkins, of Coraopolis Lodge. Mr. Kepner represented the Grand Exalted Ruler at the meeting.

All of the speakers congratulated the lodge upon the size and caliber of the class. Talks were made by D.D. Howard B. Brown, of Butler Lodge, State Vice-Pres. Charles Anderson, P.E.R. James P. Walsh, Woodlawn, Pres. of the N. W. District, P.E.R. Louis T. Fiedler, Charleroi, and other distinguished Pennsylvania Elks. An excellent dinner, served by the Elks' ladies, was attended by more than 600 members of the Order and guests.

### Jackson, Tenn., Lodge Initiates The "William A. Caldwell Class"

The first class of candidates ever named for a member by Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192, was initiated in honor of William A. Caldwell, a charter member.

Below are officers of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge and the members of the "Robert A. Tingley Class" initiated into the Lodge recently.







Above is the "Captain Eddie Rickenbacker Class" recently initiated into Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge.



Left are members of Mobile, Ala., Lodge who were present at a double-feature ceremony when the mortgage on the handsome Lodge home was burned and 25-year pins were presented to 31 members.

welcomed by the Exalted Ruler, Circuit Judge Lamar Spragins. Response was given by one of the initiates, Judge Alan M. Prewitt, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. Presiding Justice H. C. Anderson, of the Tennessee Court of Appeals, paid a fine tribute to Mr. Caldwell who responded in his usual happy manner.

As President of the First National Bank, Mr. Caldwell enjoys a close association with a fellow member of Jackson Lodge, Vice-President and Cashier Hugh W. Hicks, who served as Grand Inner Guard in 1941-42.

### Fort Morgan, Colo., Elks' "Bond Night" Nets \$75,000

A flood of victory money was released at the "Bond Night" meeting held by

Left are officers of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, shown as they burned the mortgage on their Lodge home.

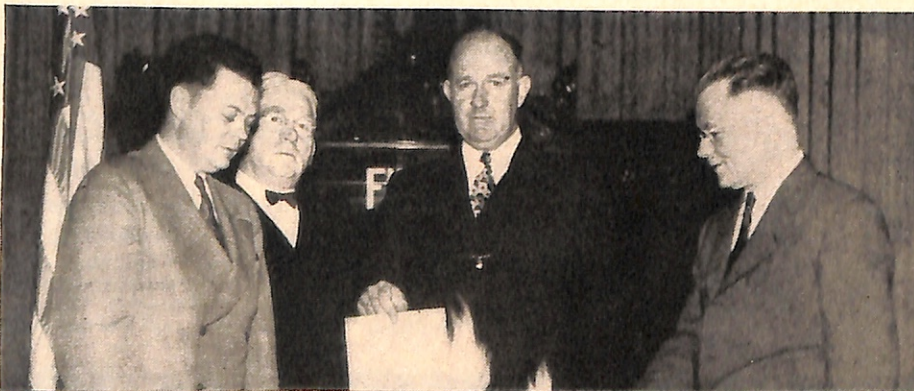
Below is a group of Evanston, Ill., inductees receiving their instructions at the home of Evanston Lodge. Thousands of these boys are given a big send-off by Evanston Lodge when they leave for induction into the Armed Forces.

For more than 50 years Mr. Caldwell has been an interested and active member and a regular attendant at meetings. At one time or another, he served in every chair office except one, that of Exalted Ruler, preferring to see others honored rather than himself.

At six o'clock on the evening of the meeting, a barbecue dinner, attended by several hundred members, was served

under the direction of P.E.R. Charles Hanebuth, Trustee. Of 53 candidates elected for initiation, 45 were inducted at the meeting. Five more were initiated at a special meeting a week later. Nine former members were reinstated, and another five came in by affiliation. In all, 64 names were added to the rolls.

After the conclusion of the regular order of business, the new members were







Above is a class of candidates recently initiated into Lancaster, Calif., Lodge in honor of the Army Air Base at Muroc. The class included several commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the Armed Forces.

Right: E.R. J. R. McCormack of Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge presents a check for \$100 to the Red Cross as one of the Lodge's charitable activities.



Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143, in April. Cash sales of War Bonds in the amount of \$75,067.75, representing investments made with enthusiasm by the 120 members present, sent the Morgan County quota of \$346,500 over the top. Bank tellers were on hand to accept money and give general assistance. C. E. Reed was auctioneer.

The spectacular success of the Elks' Bond Drive, planned ten days before under the chairmanship of George A. Epperson, astonished even the most optimistic member of the committee. Thirty thousand dollars worth of the securities were bought by Fred Trinkle for the J. P. Curry estate, and more than a dozen \$1,000 Bonds were bought. Bonds were donated and resold and special sales brought numerous winners. Four Bonds were awarded as door prizes. One member won a \$100 Bond in a raffle, which afterward brought \$2,000 when it was auctioned to the highest bidder.

Speaking from Station KOA on an NBC hookup, Governor John C. Vivian praised the lodge for its noteworthy achievement. Especially significant was

the fact that at that time 32 of the 258 members of No. 1143 were in the U.S. Armed Forces and 40 were non-residents.

### Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Has An Active War Committee

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, was one of the first organizations in the district to form a Defense Committee. After Pearl Harbor, this committee became the War Committee and as such has functioned vigorously, headed by the same chairman, Paul J. Cartwright, a veteran of World War I and an Elk of long standing. Subsequently, as a result of his close association with the war effort, Mr. Cartwright went back

into the service of his country as a Captain in the Army Air Corps, being succeeded by Ray H. Aylesworth, who also saw action in World War I. All of the projects instituted by his predecessor have been carried out by Mr. Aylesworth. Especially noteworthy has been his success with the lodge's aviation cadet recruiting program.

The Committee has also been sending groups of members to the American Red Cross blood bank in Pittsburgh every week. As many as 50 members have made the trip at one time and some of the donors have undergone several transfusions. Mainly through the Dollar a Month Club, packages are sent to members of the lodge, and sons of members, in the U. S. Armed Forces. Eighty-two were despatched in one lot alone.

Cabaret parties are held every other week in the ballroom of the lodge home.

Below are children who were entertained by Whittier, Calif., Lodge at a party given for them annually.







Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner receives a check for \$900 delivered by Exalted Ruler Don Nevins of Rockford, Ill., Lodge. The check was a contribution to the Elks War Commission, of which Mr. Warner is Assistant Treasurer.



Below, left, is the Ladies Committee of El Reno, Okla., Lodge canning vegetables from their Victory Gardens in anticipation of dinners to be held at the Lodge home during the winter months.

## Jamestown, N.Y., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's 50th Anniversary

The completion of its first half-century by Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, was made the occasion of a reunion on Saturday, May 8, at which old-time members were singled out for honors at a stag party held in the beautiful lodge home, attended by more than 200. The only living charter member, Charles M. Moore, resides in Florida, but the pioneers of the lodge were represented by a group of members of forty or more years' standing.

An informal get-together in the afternoon was followed by an elaborate anniversary dinner and a program of speech-making. Exalted Ruler Joseph P. Whalan presided and P.E.R. Joseph H. Sauerbrun was Toastmaster. The principal address was delivered by P.D.D. Kenneth W. Glines, P.E.R. of Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge. Others who spoke were Israel Schiff, of Olean, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. for the West District, D.D. Connell M. McGinnis, of Wellsville, and Oscar A. Lenna, James P. Calahane, John Ohlquist, John F. Westrom and George Jeffreys, members of Jamestown Lodge for forty years or more. P.E.R. Joseph H. Sauerbrun was General Chairman over the several 50th anniversary committees.

Since its institution in 1893, Jamestown Lodge has played an important part in community affairs as well as in all war-time activities in three wars, including the present one. It occupies a former mansion, now one of the finest lodge homes in the district. In proportion to its

The 24th annual Easter Charity Ball held this year was a social and financial success.

Ellwood City Lodge was host to more than 500 members of the Northwest District lodges recently when Victory Round-up Day was held. State Vice-President Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkesburg, was the principal speaker. The ritualistic work in the initiation of 22

candidates was splendidly performed by the officers of the local lodge. A chicken dinner was served and entertainment was presented at the evening social session for the enjoyment of the Elks and their ladies. The Round-up was a complete success, due to the efforts of co-chairmen J. Wilson Bonzo and Joseph Cragle and the members of their committees.



Left are officers of Litchfield, Ill., Lodge, shown with a member of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., as they are about to send eleven cases of Chesterfield cigarettes to servicemen overseas.

Below is the "Spirit of Wisconsin Elks" Bomber Campaign Class initiated into Madison, Wis., Lodge recently and dedicated to those members of Madison Lodge who are serving with the Armed Forces.







Above is a class of candidates recently initiated into Seattle, Wash., Lodge.

Right are 23 members of the June graduating class of the Harding High School who were honored recently by Warren, Ohio, Lodge with a presentation of special cash awards to honor students, made by the Elks' Social and Community Welfare Committee.



membership, the lodge has been signally honored by the Order. In June, 1894, a Grand Lodge Session was held in Jamestown. A Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge, the late Jerome B. Fisher, served as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1900-01. Another Past Exalted Ruler, the Reverend John Dysart, also deceased, was Grand Chaplain for many years. The New York State Elks Association honored Jamestown Lodge by electing P.E.R. Hugo E. Sellvin President. Grand Exalted Rulers have honored the lodge by appointments of District Deputies, P.E.R.'s Hugo E. Sellvin, Frank H. Mott, Howard A. Smith and Roy M. Bradley having served for the West District.

### Crawfordsville Lodge Buys \$4,000 Worth of War Bonds

Four thousand dollars worth of War Bonds, subscribed and paid for that evening by Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, were turned over to P.E.R. George S. Harney by Gregor Ziemer, news commentator for Station WLW, on April 30. Delivery of the Bonds was made at a public meeting held in the high school gymnasium to celebrate the successful conclusion of a bond campaign at Crawfordsville. Although the county had almost doubled its quota of \$1,500,000, an additional \$65,000 worth of Bonds was subscribed at the meeting. A lecture given by Mr. Ziemer closed the campaign.

Mr. Harney, who accepted the Bonds on behalf of the lodge, has been an active member for more than 40 years.

After his return from duty as a volunteer in the Spanish-American War, Mr. Harney acted as one of the petitioners for the lodge charter, and served as No. 483's first Exalted Ruler. Crawfordsville Lodge was organized in 1899.

The lodge had no suspensions to report at the end of the April semester. In the reception room of the lodge home is a beautiful service flag with 44 blue stars on its red-bordered white field. No. 483 is represented in the U. S. Armed Forces by more than sixteen per cent of its membership.

### Past Exalted Rulers of Corpus Christi Lodge Meet Weekly

Of great benefit to the smooth functioning of Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge, No. 1628, is the Past Exalted Rulers Association, organized not long ago. Members of the club meet every Friday at noon in the Elks' dining room for discussion of problems pertaining to the lodge's welfare and progress.

Below is the shuffleboard team of Nutley, N. J., Lodge which traveled by hayride to play the Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge team.

### Madison, Wis., Lodge Confers Membership On 74 Candidates

The largest class in its history, named "The Spirit of Wisconsin Elks" and dedicated to those of its members who are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces, was initiated recently by Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410. The lodge's ritualistic team, holder of the Wisconsin Southern District championship, officiated, conferring membership on 74 candidates.

Madison Lodge has cooperated actively with the Aviation Cadet Examining Board for more than a year. From February to October of 1942, a total number of 1,087 young men took the examinations under the sponsorship of No. 410. Better than seventy per cent qualified for some branch of the Air Corps.

From among the thousands of young men in training at Truax Field, the Army Air Force Technical Specialist School, and the Naval Radio School, at the University of Wisconsin, Madison Lodge has initiated servicemen for the following lodges: Burbank, Calif., Royal Oak, Mich., Logansport, Ind., Beckley, W. Va., Lynn, Mass., Provo, Utah, and La Crosse, Wis.







*Above are the officers of the Nebraska State Elks Assn. who convened recently at Grand Island, Neb., shown with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, who was one of the principal speakers during the Convention.*

### Boise, Ida., Lodge Takes Steps To Repair Home Damaged by Fire

For several months, Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, has occupied comfortable quarters in the immediate vicinity of its former home. The lodge suffered a severe loss last February when, on George Washington's Birthday, fire swept through the club rooms to the third floor. The lodge rooms were completely demolished. The home, valued at a quarter of a million dollars, was damaged to the extent of \$85,000.

After settlement with the insurance companies had been made, the matter of repair work was considered, but inasmuch as materials and man power are needed for the war effort, the lodge trustees and members of the building committee decided against anything further than essentials at the present time. It was found that the rooms could be made usable with a minimum of labor and materials, and plans were made for

*Right is a group of Bronx, N. Y., Elks who, as a patriotic way of observing the 40th Anniversary of their Lodge, donated blood to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center.*

*Below are some of those who attended the homecoming banquet of State Pres. Harry R. Darling at Rochester, N. Y., Lodge.*

the work to be done as speedily as possible. In the meantime, the lodge has bought \$45,000 worth of War Bonds and has carried on its activities as usual in its temporary quarters.

### Wilson, N. C., Lodge Has a Fine Record of Achievement

Wilson, N. C., Lodge, No. 840, organized in November 1941, has established a fine record. The lodge got off to a flying start with a capable set of officers headed by E.R. Larry I. Moore, Jr., enjoyed a steady increase in membership and bought an attractive home. In its comparatively brief existence, the lodge has been a con-

tributor to the Elks War Commission, the American Red Cross, Army and Navy relief funds and local relief and charitable organizations.

Last April, Wilson Elks assumed the responsibility of selling or purchasing \$50,000 worth of War Bonds. With E.R. Edward W. Davis and P.E.R. M. A. Pittman leading the campaign, they pur-







Above are some of the Lake City, Fla., Naval Officers who became Elks during 1942-43. P.E.R. Frank Thompson is seated center.



Left: E.R. E. O. Thoman of Corvallis, Ore., Lodge congratulates Don G. Hall, President of the Associated Students of Oregon State College, on his winning the annual college scholarship given by the Lodge.

chased \$154,025 worth, representing more than one-tenth of the total amount of \$1,430,000 sold in the county. The lodge itself bought \$2,000 worth. No. 840's major activity of the current year was the sponsorship of a "penny milk program" in three of the city's grammar schools. In the period beginning in January and extending through May, 88,298 bottles of milk were consumed as compared with 29,000 in the corresponding period of the previous year.

Wilson Lodge was honored with the privilege of entertaining the N. C. State Elks Association at its annual convention in June. According to old-timers who have been steady attendants, the meeting was one of the best in the Association's history.

### Chicago (South) Lodge Answers Appeal of Worthy Organization

An appeal made by the Chicago Heart

Association, requesting the donation or loan of wheel chairs for invalids unable to buy or rent them, was answered promptly by Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge, No. 1596, thanks to the lodge's Press Committee. The matter was brought to the attention of the lodge at a meeting and the members were advised that five chairs could be secured at a cost of \$120. In fifteen minutes the entire sum was donated by the members present and not a cent was taken from the treasury of the lodge.

On Tuesday evening, June 8, the five chairs were presented to Ruth Pearce McEldowney, Executive Director of the Chicago Heart Association, by Trustee Nicholas D. Connelly with the assurance that No. 1596 stood ready to render further aid in humanitarian enterprises such as those carried on by her organization. The story had been spotted in the newspapers by members of the Press Committee, appointed by E.R. John Campbell shortly after he went into office. Peter G. Drautzberg is Chairman,



Left are members of Beloit, Wis., Lodge at a banquet given to celebrate the 40th Anniversary of the Lodge.

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge to celebrate the opening of their new lodge home.







Above are 19 candidates who were initiated into Gloucester, Mass., Lodge on the occasion of the official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan shortly before his retirement from office. He was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.



Left is a large class of candidates recently initiated into Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge in honor of E.R. Dr. M. A. Summers who was soon to enter the Medical Corps of the Army.

Eugene Kelly is Assistant Chairman and Fred Lyon, Jr., and Thomas P. McCarty are committee members.

No. 1596 is housed in one of the most beautiful homes on the South Side of Chicago. The building at 7838 South Halsted Street, when taken over, was completely remodeled and redecorated.

### New York Lodge No. 1 Holds An Outstanding Initiatory Meeting

The John J. Sullivan Victory Class of 98 new members was initiated into New

York Lodge No. 1 on May 26, honoring the Exalted Ruler of the Mother Lodge. In addition, the membership of No. 1 was increased by 30 reinstatements and seven affiliations. The lodge room was filled to overflowing with members, candidates and visitors. Present were two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Murray Hulbert, P.E.R. of New York Lodge, and James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, and many other distinguished Elks including D.D. Joseph J. Haggerty, of Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, George I. Hall, of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge,

Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Harry R. Darling, of Rochester Lodge, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and State Vice-Pres. H. Alfred Vollmer, of Freeport Lodge.

The ritualistic ceremonies were splendidly performed by the officers of No. 1 assisted by the Escort Team, the Membership Committee, the Fidelity Post and members of the Cheese Club. Exalted Ruler Sullivan, P.E.R. Ferdinand Pecora, Supreme Court Justice, and Mr. Vollmer addressed the Class.

### Patriotic Exercises Are Held at Elks National Home on June 13

The energetic efforts of Harry M. Carder and the cooperation of the Reverend A. W. Potts, Pastor of the Bedford Methodist Church, and members of the



Left: Shown at the home of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge are the mother, father and sister of the five Sullivan brothers who lost their lives in a naval engagement in the Pacific. Their presence enhanced Dubuque Lodge's patriotic exercises.

Below are children of the local School Safety Patrol who were given an all-day outing by Kokomo, Ind., Lodge in recognition of their splendid work.







Above at a patriotic observance are shown members of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge. Michael J. Gilday, President of the New York State Elks Assn., is shown presenting a \$300 scholarship award to Cadet Philip Karp.

Right: Members of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge present a \$1,000 check to P.E.R. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children.



church choir, Scoutmaster Dr. Edward Y. Lovelace and his Boy Scouts, the Bedford Firemen's Band and the Bedford County Company Virginia Protective Force, enabled the Home Lodge at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., to hold Flag Day Exercises of which the citizens of Bedford County could well be proud. A cordial invitation to attend had been extended to the public, and many were already assembled on the lawns at 2:30 for the outdoor concert given by the Firemen's Band which, with the Boy Scout Troop and the Virginia Protective Force Company, had marched from Bedford out to the Home.

An hour later, the program was opened with the raising of the American Flag by the Secretary of the Home Lodge, George Wolfe, of Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge, followed by the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner by the entire assembly, led by the Band. The rest of the program was as follows: Introductory Exercises, Home Lodge Officers; Prayer by the Chaplain,

### MOVING PICTURE OF ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

The West Virginia State Elks Association has donated to the Elks National Home a sixteen millimeter film showing scenes in and around the Home. It is a silent film and the running time is about thirty minutes.

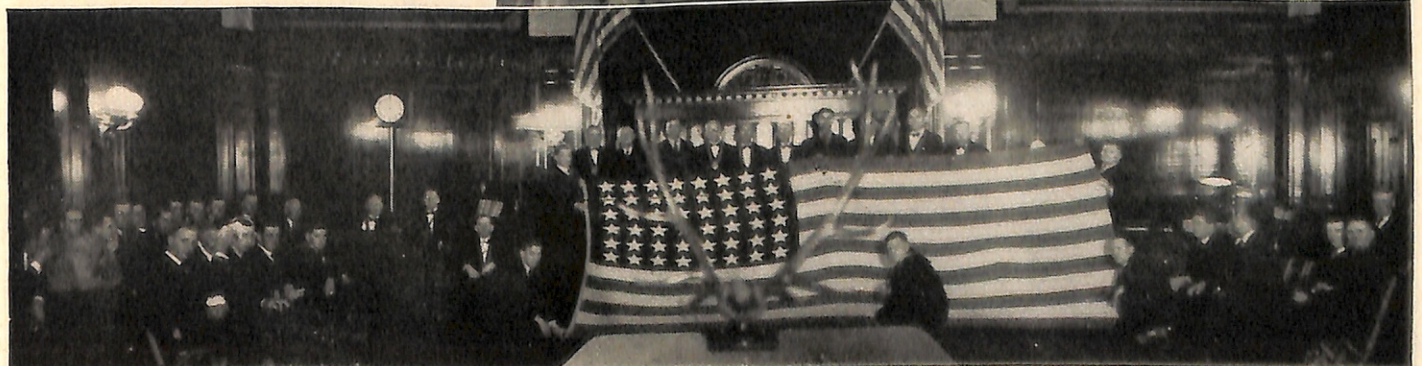
Any Lodge or State Association may have the use of this film by applying to R. A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia.

John A. Coulston, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge; Song, "America the Beautiful", Bedford Methodist Church Choir; History of the Flag, Edward J. Erwin, Boston, Mass., Lodge; Flag Bearers, Bedford Boy Scouts; Song, "America", Methodist Choir; Introduction of the Speaker, Past Exalted Ruler J. E. Pedigo, Danville, Va., Lodge; Address, the Rev. A. W. Potts; Altar Service, Home Lodge Officers; Tribute to the Flag, Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans., Lodge, Exalted Ruler of the Home Lodge; Song, "God Bless America", Assembly; Closing, Mr. Edgington.

When the Board of Grand Trustees held its Spring Meeting at the Home,

Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland presents to members of Gainesville, Ga., Lodge a silver cup for being the most progressive Lodge in the State during the year 1942-43.

Below: At a recent meeting of Eureka, Calif., Lodge, a member, Walter Menchel, presents to the Lodge a large American Flag which once flew from the mast-head of the U.S. Cruiser Milwaukee. The ship was lost in January, 1917.





Right is a class of candidates recently initiated into Waukegan, Ill., Lodge.

Below, right, is a picture of an all-Elk freight train crew, working out of Breckenridge on the Wichita Falls and Southern Railroad. All are members of Breckenridge, Tex., Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch suggested that religious meetings, nonsectarian in character, be held there on Sunday afternoons, with the work to be distributed among the five Protestant Ministers of Bedford, a Catholic Priest from Lynchburg, Va., and a Jewish Rabbi from Roanoke, Va. The matter was taken up at a recent meeting of the Home Lodge. The committee appointed, consisting of J. E. Pedigo, Danville, Va., Chairman, C. E. Woodsum, San Juan, P. R., Hill Dane, Rockland, Me., John Coulston, Philadelphia, Pa., David Fraser, Monessen, Pa., Arden M. Speelman, Piqua, O., and George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va., met later to work out the details. June the 20th was the tentative date set for the opening service.

#### Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

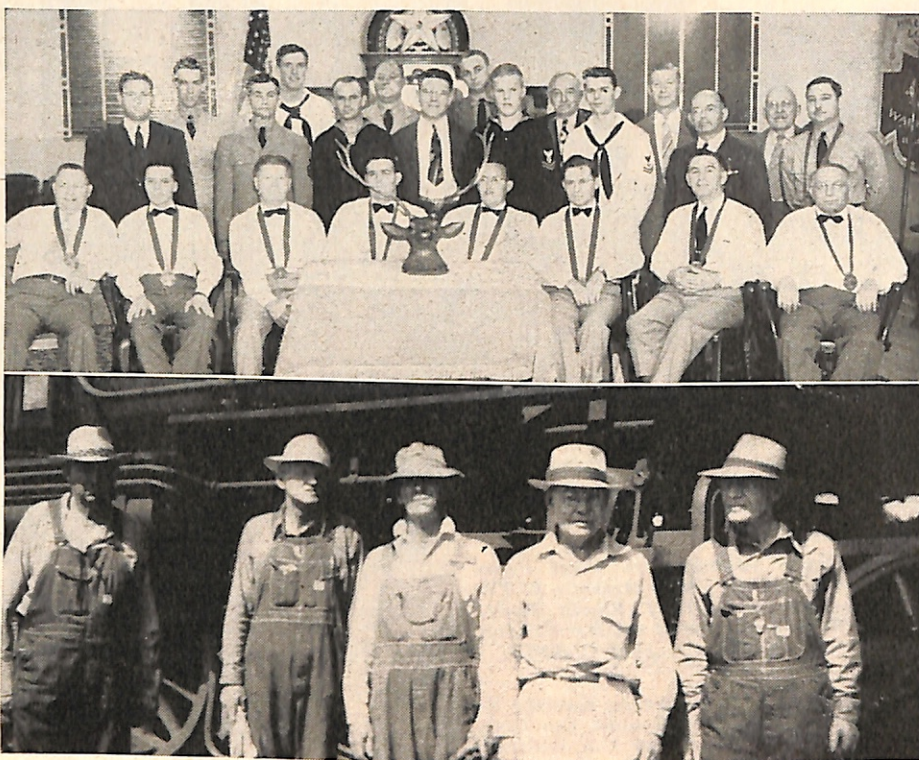
For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

#### Logansport Lodge Engineers War Bond Sale Realizing \$839,312

Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, established an enviable record in patriotic endeavor when in 13 days it sold War

Right is the Ritualistic Team of Price, Utah, Lodge which recently won the State Association Ritualistic Contest.

Below are members of Fresno, Calif., Lodge who are photographed dining together to celebrate the Lodge's 45th Anniversary.



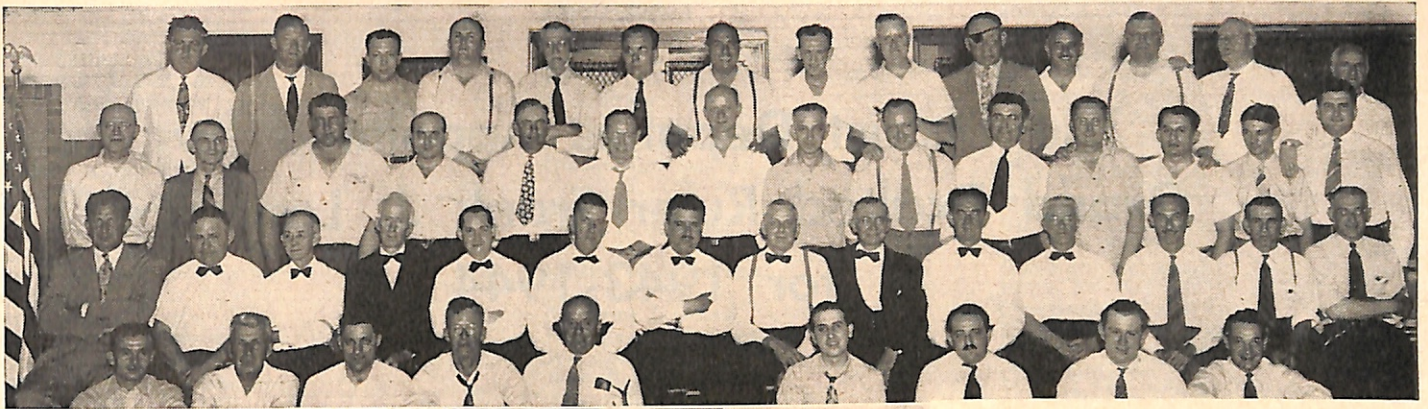
Bonds in the amount of \$839,312. In the April Bond Drive, the quota for Cass County was set at \$1,350,000, but sales were not up to expectations on April 15. This was the date for a regular meeting of No. 66 and at the session E.R. Don O'Neill appointed as a general committee, for a special Elks Bond Drive, P.E.R. W. W. Surendorf, Chairman, Dee Wildermuth, George Muehlhausen, Tony Kain

and Fred Rynearson.

The committee immediately held a conference and established a \$300,000 quota for the lodge to be raised by April 28 and decided to give a Bond Dinner on that night. P.E.R. Frank McHale was appointed Chairman of a committee to obtain a speaker for the dinner. Also appointed was a working committee which went into action at







Above are members of the E.R. Joseph P. Gregory Class initiated into West Haven, Conn., Lodge.



Left is a picture of the ceremonies held at Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge when Gene Elizabeth Valk, daughter of P.E.R. E. G. Valk, received a scholarship from the Scholarship Committee of the State Assn.

### Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Votes To Continue Patriotic Program

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, has voted to continue, under E.R. T. W. Kinney, the farewell community demonstrations for local groups inducted in the U. S. Services that have been so successful in the past. They are given monthly with regularity, but oftener if additional groups are inducted in the interim.

Parades are held with police and military escorts, patriotic organizations, and band and drum corps sections which give mass concerts in front of the lodge home before the programs are opened. Entertainment, refreshments and addresses by officers of the Services and prominent citizens round out the program.

Left are the officers of Marietta, Ga., Lodge and their sponsor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, at the institution of this new Lodge in June.



Below is the record-breaking class of 161 members initiated into Boulder, Colo., Lodge in honor of the Lodge Secretary W. H. Reynolds.



once, and within one week the first quota was more than exceeded. The quota was then raised to \$500,000 but this was increased successively to half the county's quota. On the night of the dinner, \$839,312 worth of Bonds had been sold. This amount represented actual sales.

The success of the drive was due largely to the organized ability of Dee Wilder-

muth and the untiring efforts of Henry Ricci, Manager of the Elks' Café, members of No. 66. This was Logansport Lodge's second Bond Drive, the first having been held in October, 1942, at which time \$274,000 worth of Bonds were sold. In that drive, also, Mr. Ricci and Mr. Wildermuth were largely responsible for the success of the campaign.



# The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan for 1943-1944



| <i>District</i>                                      | <i>Name</i>          | <i>Lodge</i>                |
|--|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| ALABAMA, NORTH                                       | Sherman B. Powell    | Decatur, No. 655            |
| ALABAMA, SOUTH                                       | Harry Marks          | Montgomery, No. 596         |
| ALASKA, EAST   | J. Ray Roady         | Ketchikan, No. 1429         |
| ALASKA, WEST   | Ray Wolfe            | Anchorage, No. 1351         |
| ARIZONA, NORTH                                       | James Day, Jr.       | Winslow, No. 536            |
| ARIZONA, SOUTH                                       | Joseph F. Mayer      | Globe, No. 489              |
| ARKANSAS   | Albert Sims          | Little Rock, No. 1655       |
| CALIFORNIA, BAY                                      | Roy G. Hudson        | Berkeley, No. 1002          |
| CALIFORNIA, EAST CENTRAL                             | Joseph Gaestel       | Merced, No. 1240            |
| CALIFORNIA, WEST CENTRAL                             | Benjamin F. Loveall  | San Luis Obispo, No. 322    |
| CALIFORNIA, NORTH                                    | John K. Tener        | Stockton, No. 218           |
| CALIFORNIA, SOUTH                                    | Malcolm J. Murray    | San Bernardino, No. 836     |
| CALIFORNIA, SOUTH CENTRAL                            | Owen O. Keown        | Santa Monica, No. 906       |
| CANAL ZONE   | John A. Wright       | Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414 |
| COLORADO, CENTRAL                                    | William K. Butz      | Florence, No. 611           |
| COLORADO, NORTH                                      | Harry N. Wallace     | Loveland, No. 1051          |
| COLORADO, SOUTH                                      | A. C. Miller         | Salida, No. 808             |
| COLORADO, WEST                                       | Forest F. White      | Telluride, No. 692          |
| CONNECTICUT, EAST                                    | Alfred A. Rousseau   | Meriden, No. 35             |
| CONNECTICUT, WEST                                    | Paul E. Schumacher   | Ansonia, No. 1269           |
| FLORIDA, EAST  | Leo Butner           | Sanford, No. 1241           |
| FLORIDA, WEST  | Victor O. Wehle      | St. Petersburg, No. 1224    |
| FLORIDA, NORTH                                       | Marvin Collins, Jr.  | Tallahassee, No. 937        |
| GEORGIA, EAST  | W. Wayne Hinson      | Waycross, No. 369           |
| GEORGIA, WEST  | Frank R. Fling       | Atlanta, No. 78             |
| HAWAII, TERRITORY OF                                 | Nelson L. West       | Hilo, No. 759               |
| IDAHO, NORTH   | L. Wesley Lieb       | Wallace, No. 331            |
| IDAHO, SOUTH   | J. O. Malvin         | Boise, No. 310              |
| ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST                                  | George F. Thornton   | Oak Park, No. 1295          |
| ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST                                  | D. J. Hilvers        | Rockford, No. 64            |
| ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL                               | Joseph D. Carr       | Ottawa, No. 588             |
| ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL                               | R. Byron Zea         | Monmouth, No. 397           |
| ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST                                  | H. L. Pitner         | Fairfield, No. 1631         |
| ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST                                  | Ralph C. Cayce       | Litchfield, No. 654         |
| ILLINOIS, SOUTH                                      | Gordon Franklin      | Marion, No. 800             |
| INDIANA, NORTH                                       | John A. MacLennan    | Gary, No. 1152              |
| INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL                               | Ralph W. Griest      | Garrett, No. 1447           |
| INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL                               | Eldo Robertson       | Columbus, No. 521           |
| INDIANA, CENTRAL                                     | Ira G. Davis         | Anderson, No. 209           |
| INDIANA, SOUTH                                       | Bruce Hitch          | Evansville, No. 116         |
| IOWA, NORTHEAST                                      | W. F. Penahuna       | Waterloo, No. 290           |
| IOWA, SOUTHEAST                                      | Dale O. Logan        | Burlington, No. 84          |
| IOWA, WEST   | Frank J. Margolin    | Sioux City, No. 112         |
| KANSAS, EAST   | C. B. Rankin         | Pittsburg, No. 412          |
| KANSAS, WEST   | J. C. Darrah         | McPherson, No. 502          |
| KENTUCKY, EAST                                       | Alfred Schild        | Covington, No. 314          |
| KENTUCKY, WEST                                       | F. A. Homra          | Fulton, No. 1142            |
| LOUISIANA, NORTH                                     | Robert Sugar         | Shreveport, No. 122         |
| LOUISIANA, SOUTH                                     | C. A. Barnes         | Morgan City, No. 1121       |
| MAINE, EAST  | Erwin R. Johnson     | Gardiner, No. 1293          |
| MAINE, WEST  | Alton A. Lessard     | Lewiston, No. 371           |
| MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND<br>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, EAST | Michael W. Fahey     | Havre de Grace, No. 1564    |
| MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND<br>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, WEST | J. Howard Murray     | Towson, No. 469             |
| MASSACHUSETTS, NORTHEAST                             | William F. Hogan     | Everett, No. 642            |
| MASSACHUSETTS, SOUTHEAST                             | Elmer A. E. Richards | Hyannis, No. 1549           |
| MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL                               | Peter G. Leger       | Milford, No. 628            |
| MASSACHUSETTS, WEST                                  | Barney J. Michelman  | Greenfield, No. 1296        |
| MICHIGAN, WEST                                       | Edwin P. Breen       | Grand Rapids, No. 48        |
| MICHIGAN, EAST                                       | A. C. Lyon           | Flint Lodge, No. 222        |



MICHIGAN, CENTRAL  
 MICHIGAN, NORTH  
 MINNESOTA, NORTH  
 MINNESOTA, SOUTH  
 MISSISSIPPI, NORTH  
 MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH  
 MISSOURI, EAST  
 MISSOURI, NORTHWEST  
 MISSOURI, SOUTHWEST  
 MONTANA, EAST  
 MONTANA, WEST  
 NEBRASKA, EAST  
 NEBRASKA, WEST  
 NEVADA  
 NEW HAMPSHIRE  
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST  
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST  
 NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL  
 NEW JERSEY, SOUTH  
 NEW MEXICO, NORTH  
 NEW MEXICO, SOUTH  
 NEW YORK, EAST  
 NEW YORK, NORTHEAST  
 NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST  
 NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL  
 NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL  
 NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL  
 NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL  
 NEW YORK, WEST  
 NORTH CAROLINA, EAST  
 NORTH CAROLINA, WEST  
 NORTH DAKOTA  
 OHIO, NORTHEAST  
 OHIO, NORTHWEST  
 OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL  
 OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL  
 OHIO, SOUTHEAST  
 OHIO, SOUTHWEST  
 OKLAHOMA, EAST  
 OKLAHOMA, WEST  
 OREGON, NORTHEAST  
 OREGON, NORTHWEST  
 OREGON, SOUTH  
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHWEST  
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHWEST  
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH  
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH  
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH CENTRAL  
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST  
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH CENTRAL  
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST  
 PUERTO RICO  
 RHODE ISLAND  
 SOUTH CAROLINA  
 SOUTH DAKOTA  
 TENNESSEE, EAST  
 TENNESSEE, WEST  
 TEXAS, NORTH  
 TEXAS, WEST  
 TEXAS, SOUTHEAST  
 TEXAS, EAST  
 TEXAS, SOUTHWEST  
 UTAH  
 VERMONT  
 VIRGINIA, EAST  
 VIRGINIA, WEST  
 WASHINGTON, EAST  
 WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST  
 WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST  
 WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH  
 WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH  
 WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST  
 WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST  
 WISCONSIN, SOUTH  
 WYOMING

*Clay Paddock*  
*Robert J. Worland*  
*Leonard W. Cleveland*  
*Leo C. LaFrance*  
*J. B. Price*  
*L. A. Nichols*  
*A. J. Moerschel*  
*George L. Stuppy*  
*Frank E. Ralston*  
*S. D. McKinnon*  
*Leroy P. Schmid*  
*A. C. Bintz*  
*Walter J. Hampton*  
*E. P. Caffrey*  
*Clarence L. Hurd*  
*Eugene G. McDermott*  
*William H. Franke*  
*Harold R. McCusker*  
*Albert L. Harrison*  
*William C. Alexander*  
*C. Roy Anderson*  
*Lee W. Rivers*  
*George J. Halpin*  
*Joseph A. McKinney*  
*Anthony T. Lehmann*  
*Dearborn V. Hardie*  
*Herbert L. McCarter*  
*Arden E. Page*  
*Al. F. Voegelé*  
*C. David Jones*  
*N. P. Mulvaney*  
*T. J. McGrath*  
*Lawrence A. McKenna*  
*E. V. Austermliller*  
*W. M. King*  
*Ray W. Davis*  
*Ralph C. Swartz*  
*Forrest C. Simon*  
*C. V. Houston*  
*Osa I. Summers*  
*John P. Hounsell*  
*Robert S. Farrell, Jr.*  
*Ernest L. Scott*  
*Clarence E. Thompson*  
*Harry T. Kleeen*  
*Murray D. Smith*  
*Regis J. Maloney*  
*R. Eugene Foresman*  
*William G. Wilson*  
*Joseph A. Klinefelter*  
*Walter G. McAtee*  
*George P. DePass*  
*Lawrence A. Connerton*  
*J. J. Keenan*  
*H. H. Holdridge*  
*Albert G. Heins*  
*E. J. Nunn*  
*John Smart*  
*Bert Levy*  
*W. A. James*  
*J. A. Bergfeld*  
*J. H. Lamm*  
*Thomas P. Householder*  
*Paul E. Hill*  
*Bertram L. Warren*  
*John R. Schafe*  
*L. M. Price*  
*Arthur Ochsner*  
*Carl L. George*  
*Jay B. Merritt*  
*Frank F. Martin*  
*J. Martin Van Rooy*  
*John O. Berg*  
*Carl B. Noelke*  
*Elmer H. Polly*

Jackson, No. 113  
 Ishpeming, No. 447  
 Duluth, No. 133  
 Winona, No. 327  
 Canton, No. 458  
 Vicksburg, No. 95  
 St. Charles, No. 690  
 St. Joseph, No. 40  
 Rich Hill, No. 1026  
 Miles City, No. 537  
 Butte, No. 240  
 Lincoln, No. 80  
 Chadron, No. 1399  
 Reno, No. 597  
 Claremont, No. 879  
 Union City, No. 1357  
 Irvington, No. 1245  
 Plainfield, No. 885  
 Trenton, No. 105  
 Gallup, No. 1440  
 Carlsbad, No. 1558  
 Mount Vernon, No. 842  
 Watervliet, No. 1500  
 Staten Island, No. 841  
 Middletown, No. 1097  
 Oswego, No. 271  
 Ogdensburg, No. 772  
 Hornell, No. 364  
 Lancaster, No. 1478  
 Wilmington, No. 532  
 Asheville, No. 1401  
 Minot, No. 1089  
 Cleveland, No. 18  
 Napoleon, No. 929  
 Gallion, No. 1191  
 Circleville, No. 77  
 Martins Ferry, No. 895  
 Piqua, No. 523  
 Shawnee, No. 657  
 Enid, No. 870  
 Hood River, No. 1507  
 Portland, No. 142  
 Medford, No. 1168  
 Etna, No. 932  
 Oil City, No. 344  
 Indiana, No. 931  
 DuBois, No. 349  
 Williamsport, No. 173  
 Ashland, No. 384  
 Red Lion, No. 1592  
 Reading, No. 115  
 San Juan, No. 972  
 Newport, No. 104  
 Florence, No. 1020  
 Madison, No. 1442  
 Knoxville, No. 160  
 Jackson, No. 192  
 Dallas, No. 71  
 Amarillo, No. 923  
 Galveston, No. 126  
 Tyler, No. 215  
 San Antonio, No. 216  
 Eureka, No. 711  
 Montpelier, No. 924  
 Portsmouth, No. 82  
 Alexandria, No. 758  
 Yakima, No. 318  
 Seattle, No. 92  
 Longview, No. 1514  
 Moundsville, No. 282  
 Huntington, No. 313  
 Appleton, No. 337  
 Superior, No. 403  
 La Crosse, No. 300  
 Sheridan, No. 520





## MISSISSIPPI

The Mississippi State Elks Association, in annual session at Jackson on Sunday, June 20, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Fred J. McDonnell, Jackson; Vice-Pres.'s: North, W. B. Wilkes, Greenville; South, Dewey Lawrence, Biloxi; Secy.-Treas., Sam Miller, Hattiesburg; Trustees: North, Joe Bell Harbison, Greenville; South, R. M. Loewenberg, Vicksburg; Chaplain, the Rev. John L. Sutton, Jackson.

All of the 14 Mississippi lodges are active members of the State Association.

Reports were turned in by the various lodges, and business matters of importance were discussed. As shown by the statistical records, 650 members were serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

Dr. J. B. Price, of Canton Lodge, District Deputy for Mississippi, North, Past State Presidents L. A. Nichols, Vicksburg, and L. L. Mayer, Greenville, and P.D.D. Floyd H. Brown, of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, representative of the Elks War Commission, attended the convention.

## KENTUCKY

The Kentucky State Elks Association convened at Louisville on May 9-10-11. It had been decided to streamline the convention as much as possible on account of war conditions, but Louisville Lodge No. 8 left nothing undone to make the annual meeting interesting and enjoyable. The delegates were entertained at luncheons and suppers given in the lodge rooms on the first two days. In the afternoons they attended the races at Churchill Downs as special guests. Social activities were concluded on the final evening with a ball and a floor show.

An interesting report concerning membership showed a general increase throughout the State. Retiring President Sylvester H. Grove, of Louisville Lodge, gave a detailed report of his administration. He urged the lodges to continue their cooperation in the anti-tuberculosis activity sponsored by the Association and reported that the lodges had contributed \$6,000 during the past year for the continuation of the work. An impressive memorial service was held for deceased members, and a special resolution was drawn up, paying tribute to the memory of the late Henry E. Curtis, of Lexington Lodge, Past Pres. of the State Association and an Elk well known in Grand Lodge circles.

The silver cup donated by Past President James A. Diskin, of Newport Lodge, was won by Ashland Lodge No. 350 for coming the longest distance and bringing the largest delegation. Newport was selected as the meeting place for the 1944 convention, and officers were elected as follows: Pres., Paul O. Campbell, Ashland; 1st Vice-Pres., J. S. Breitenstein, Louisville; 2nd Vice-Pres., Oscar Hesch, Newport; 3rd Vice-Pres., Hillary Barnett, Princeton; Secy.-Treas., Richard H. Slack, Owensboro; Trustees: Kelly D. Harper, Catlettsburg; J. T. Duncan, Owensboro, Sam J. Jones, Fulton.

## INDIANA

Two hundred and thirty-eight out-of-town Elks, representing 47 of the 64 lodges in the State, registered at the 43rd annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association at Terre Haute on Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13. Dignitaries of the Order in attendance were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Lodge, Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State As-



# News of The state associations

sociations Committee, Floyd H. Brown, of Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, Representative of the Elks National War Commission, Frank P. White, of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, Robert A. Scott, of Linton, Ind., Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, and Dr. H. J. Raley, of Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Other visitors from outside States were E. H. Snyder, Erie, Pa., William T. Hackett, Milwaukee, Wis., Owen Summers, Jr., San Pedro, Calif., and C. I. O'Neill, Effingham, Ill. Local arrangements for the meeting were handled by a

### Members in Service overseas

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct mailing address.

Under the new postal regulations, copies of the Magazine may not be forwarded as third-class mail to A.P.O.'s overseas by the member's family.

If you are serving in our Armed Forces stationed at an A.P.O. outside continental United States, send us your address complete with rank, unit and A.P.O. number.

It is important that you mention your lodge—and your membership number will help us locate your name.

committee of members of Terre Haute Lodge No. 86, under the chairmanship of E.R. H. Gordon Wolfe.

Registration at the lodge home began early Saturday morning and visiting Elks continued to arrive during the day and on Sunday morning. Entertainment included all-day golf at the Elks Fort Harrison Country Club on Saturday and a dance at the Country Club that night. The Ritualistic Contest was held on Saturday afternoon, with the team from Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, being declared the winner over a team representing Terre Haute Lodge.

At the business session held on Sunday morning, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Pres., Harry E. McClain, Shelbyville; 1st Vice-Pres., C. T. Bartlett, Muncie; 2nd Vice-Pres., Paul G. Jasper, Fort Wayne; 3rd Vice-Pres., L. E. Yoder, Goshen; 4th Vice-Pres., A. A.

Pielemeier, Vincennes; Secy., C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Treas., William J. McAvoy, Tipton; Trustees: Thomas E. Burke, LaFayette, Roy Parsons, Marion, Walter F. Easley, Greensburg, J. L. J. Miller, East Chicago, Jere Goodman, Linton. Father John Dillon, of LaFayette, was reappointed Chaplain; Al Schlorch, of South Bend, and P. W. Loveland, of Jeffersonville, were appointed Sergeant-at-Arms and Tiler respectively.

Public Flag Day exercises, conducted by the officers of Terre Haute Lodge on Sunday afternoon at the Student Union Building, Indiana State Teachers College, brought the convention to a close. City Attorney John M. Fitzgerald, P.E.R. of the local lodge, was the principal speaker, and music by the Elks Chanters was a feature of the program. The services attracted a large crowd.

## SOUTH DAKOTA

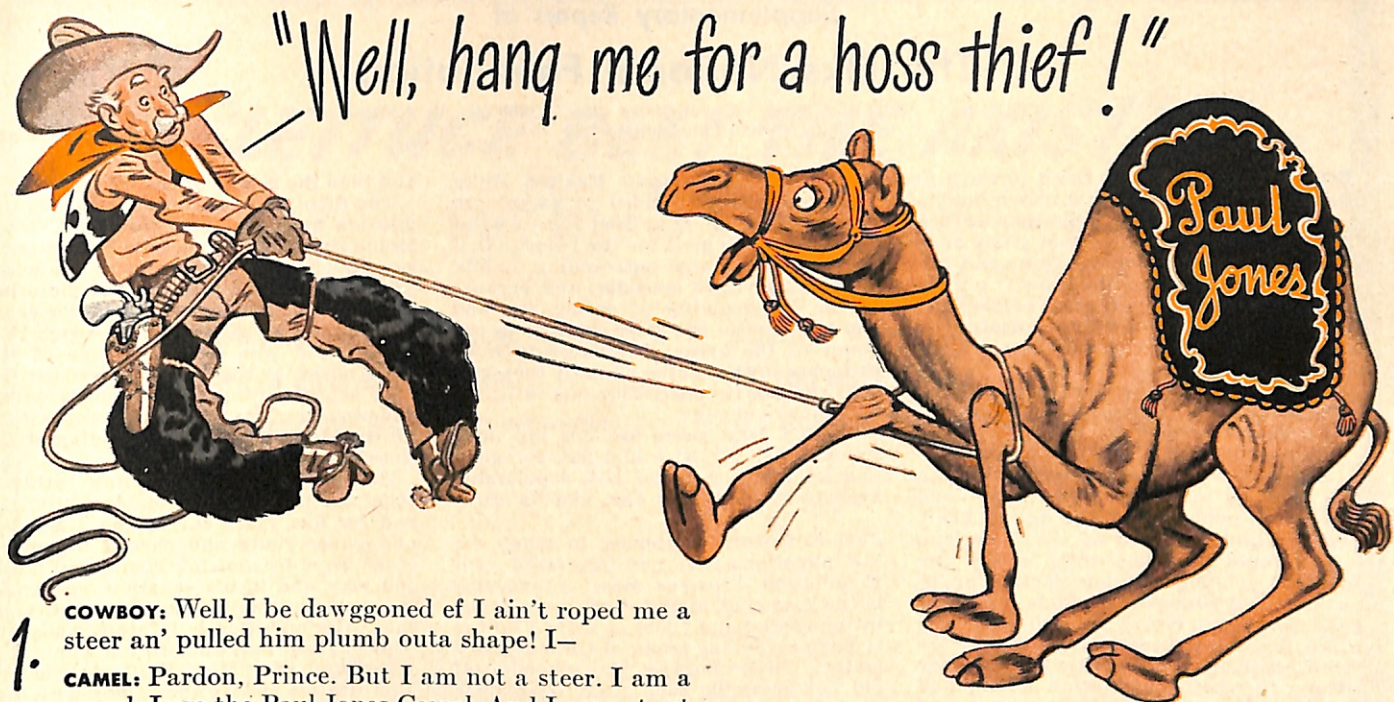
On the first day of the annual convention of the South Dakota State Elks Association, held at Sioux Falls on Sunday and Monday, June 6-7, with 321 Elks registered, the ritualistic contest was won by Sioux Falls Lodge No. 262. Madison Lodge No. 1442 placed second. With but one exception, a State Elks Bowling Tournament won by Yankton Lodge No. 994, this was the only contest on the convention program, which was greatly simplified this year because of war conditions. Also on Sunday, secretaries of South Dakota lodges met with State Secretary M. W. Richmond, of Sioux Falls, for a discussion of their duties and problems of their lodges.

During the business sessions, particular emphasis was put on the fine work the lodges are doing in connection with the Navy and the V-5 program for enlistment of Naval Air Cadets. Two officers from the Flight Selection Board of the Navy, Minneapolis, Minn., were present.

At a meeting of the State Association Advisory Committee last Fall at Mitchell, it was decided to offer a "March to Victory Award", in recognition of "a good job done", covering such points as full payment to the Elks War Commission, up-to-date subscription to the Elks National Foundation, good work on the Naval V-5 program, constructive work in the war effort and increased member-

(Continued on page 48)





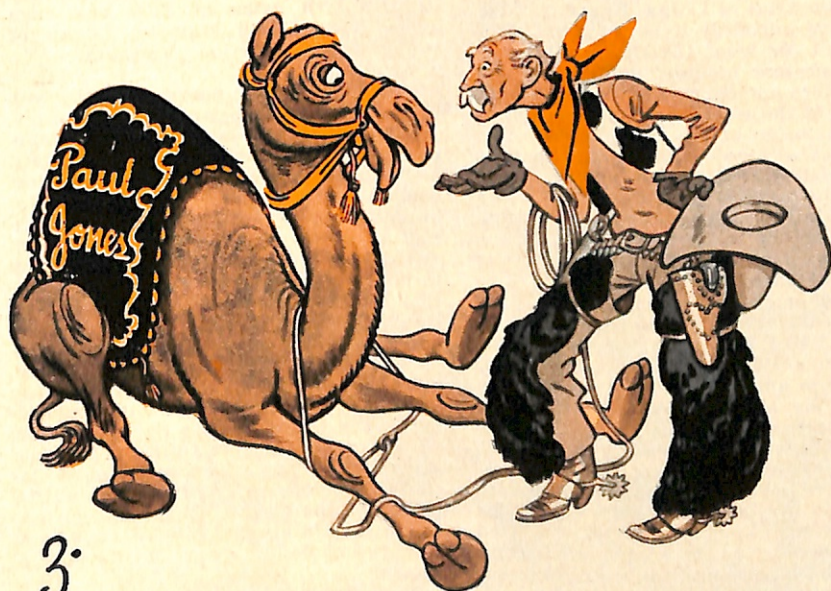
1. **COWBOY:** Well, I be dawggoned ef I ain't roped me a steer an' pulled him plumb outa shape! I—

**CAMEL:** Pardon, Prince. But I am not a steer. I am a camel. I am the Paul Jones Camel. And I am *not* out of shape. I—

**COWBOY:** Shuh! Who ever heard o' camels in Wyomin'? Dawggonit, pardner, I reckon you are just a steer what don't want to be branded. I—

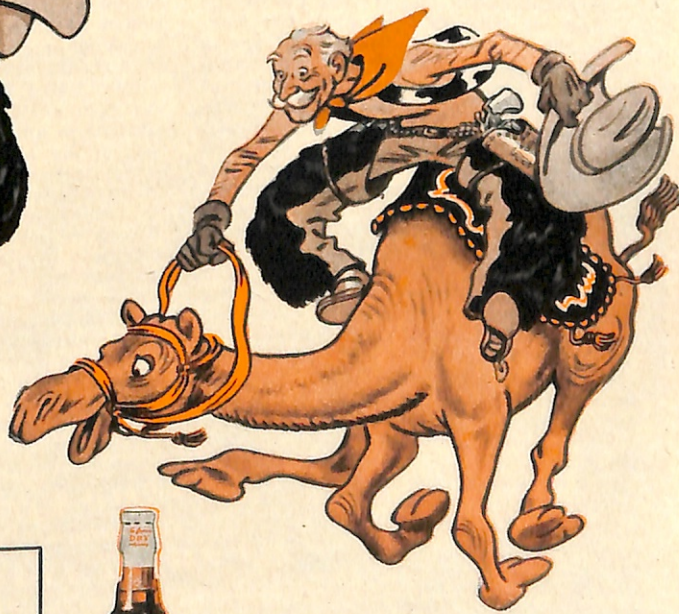
2. **CAMEL:** Pardon, O Possessor of the Mighty Bowed Legs. But I *am* the Paul Jones Camel. A living symbol of the *dryness* in the magnificent *dry* Paul Jones whiskey. And I come to explain how this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, brings out *all* the flavor of Paul Jones. Permits you to enjoy the full richness of a fine whiskey!

**COWBOY:** You come all the way out here just to tell us that? Pardner, seems like you was wastin' time. Ain't nobody on this range got no money fer expensive, superlative whiskies!



3. **CAMEL:** Expensive? Ah no, O Wrestler of Cattle.. Paul Jones, for all its magnificence, is most moderately priced.

**COWBOY:** Well now dawggonit, Camel! Dawggonit, pardner! You jus' leave me unwrassle you from that there rope and we're headin' fer town an' some o' that *dry* Paul Jones!



#### An Explanation to our Friends

**I**F YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile,

our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.)



# Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.  
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



## Supplementary Report of The Elks National Foundation

(Continued from page 15)

flying clouds, hurrying them onward at headlong pace toward "no man's land".

Are they to become scientists or soldiers? Are they to be days of study or of war? Are they to live, win fame and fortune—or face death—unknown, unhonored and unsung, upon some battlefield? Are they destined for a life of usefulness or must they answer the cry from "Flanders Field" and

"Take up the quarrel with the foe;  
Receive from failing hands the torch  
they throw—  
To hold it high,"

These are the thoughts surging through the troubled minds of youth today—and no better evidence of the brave heart and straight thinking of our American youth could be found than in the one hundred and fourteen scholarship applications filed with your Foundation Trustees this year. Every one, boy and girl alike, realized the seriousness of life confronting them, the gigantic struggle for liberty in which our Nation is engaged against the powers of darkness and tyranny. And every one, bravely, calmly contemplated the possibility of giving their lives to our success in that conflict.

To them the American Flag is to human freedom what the Cross is to Christianity, and they know that to tortured, trampled, war-torn nations throughout the world our country's Flag is the symbol of peace and the rights of man, and represents the hope of the world.

Even as your Foundation Trustees were individually studying and rating this year's applications, and before all seven of the Trustees had completed the task, one of the most brilliant of the boys was called for induction in the Army and requested the return of his papers filed with us.

Here we had a sharp example of the shadow of tragedy that dogs the footsteps of every boy of 18 years of age in our land. Here was a brilliant, handsome boy, with a scholastic record that gave him a winner's rating, his extra-curricular activities proving his fine personality and leadership, his financial drawbacks having been overcome by his own manual labors, showing determination to attain a station in life that only could be secured by more complete education, his heart set upon attending the State University—now he must "right about-face" and gaze with broken heart upon the sign that marks the crossroad he has reached in life that reads

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

His country has called him to its defense and he has answered that call as have hundreds of thousands of others, with the courageous words of Nathan Hale upon his lips, "My only regret is that I have only one life to give for my country."

No! No! *That must not be!* That boy need not abandon hope—for as he was justly one of our prize winners, your Foundation Trustees have awarded him his scholarship prize and have unanimously decided that the prize money due to that boy, Stanley Morgan of Salt Lake City, shall be held in trust for him, and may God grant him a safe return from the war so that he may again pursue his ambition for the university training he worked so hard to win and so earnestly desired.

This year your Trustees, upon the sug-

gestion of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, have decided to award ten scholarships to boys and ten similar scholarships to girls for the reasons that we have so many outstanding pupils, boys and girls, to consider, and because of the impossibility of rating boy and girl students in the same manner on account of the great differences between the sexes in the course of study they pursue and extra curricular activities in which they engage.

So this year, there are five top prize scholarships for boys and five for girls, and an additional five \$100 scholarship awards for boys and also five for girls.

ONE feature appearing in many applications that has impressed your Foundation Trustees most unfavorably is the fact that in the curriculum taken by many students, there appears a failure to have made any study of United States history, either because the school itself did not prescribe such study or, if such study was prescribed, the student did not take it.

While it is true that our United States is still, in the eyes of the world, a young republic, yet we believe that in culture and world position, the United States at least compares favorably with the ancient countries of China, Egypt or England, and certainly it is true that, if it were not for what the United States is at the present moment doing in aid of those more ancient countries, a different history of the world would be written at the conclusion of the present war. The fact that so many students fail to take a course in United States history, or the more outrageous fact that so many schools fail to include a course of United States history in the curriculum of the school is a condition of affairs which your Board of Trustees does not propose to overlook or excuse, and in our marking of students, it might just as well be understood that no student need apply for our scholarships who has not had the advantage and seen fit to study the history of his own country.

We earnestly request every delegate to this Grand Lodge Session to examine the curriculum of the schools in his community when he returns home and to ascertain the reason, if such exists, for the non-inclusion of a course of United States history in the school curriculum and demand, through the medium of his lodge—and public sentiment—that such a study be included, and that all scholars be required to pursue it. And we further recommend to our subordinate lodges and to the members of this Order that systematic effort be made by them to establish in all American schools the practice of formal salutation to the American Flag and the pledging of allegiance to our country by the pupils of our schools. The same to be done without compulsion but to be brought about by encouragement, for we believe that pupils are not entitled to the free education provided by our public schools unless they are willing to profess formally loyalty to the country which is providing them with that opportunity.

We cannot give you the history of all of these twenty scholars for that would make this report entirely too long, but we feel that you should have the details of at least some of the top boys and girls,

and then the names of the other winners.

The fifth prize awarded to our boy applicants goes to a lad from the Green Mountains of Vermont, who had an average rank for the four years in the scientific course of 93.6. He was valedictorian of his class, President of the junior year; attended the Boys' State at Norwich University and was elected to one of the State offices at that time; served on the high school newspaper as sports editor and was presented a scholarship award for the highest scholastic standing at the close of his junior year.

He participated in many athletic events and extra curricular activities, and for five years carried on a Sunday newspaper route and earned money in other ways by mowing lawns and doing odd jobs, and in his vacation worked in the woolen mills at Hartford and Quechee. His ambition is to study aeronautical engineering, and, as our contest is designated the "Most Valuable Student Contest", we believe that a boy with ambition to become an aeronautical engineer has not only a vision of the future possibilities that exist for the growing youth but that he intends to devote himself to a profession which may mean that he will become of value not alone to himself but to his State and Nation. So the fifth prize of \$200 has been awarded to David Malcolm Logan of White River Junction, Vermont.

OUR fourth prize goes to the boy who has heard the call of his country, Stanley Morgan of Salt Lake City; Morgan has a remarkable scholastic record and was entitled to 100% rating on that basis alone. He has overcome financial hardships under which he labored to obtain an education by working as a stock clerk, truck driver's helper and salesman in his time after school and in his vacation time, and has been so careful and thrifty, with the thought of a university education in mind and the necessary expense that attends that type of education, that from his earnings he has saved up about \$350. He has been a remarkable debater, the winner of the Stevens Public Speaking Contest; has been a splendid athlete, and has also been his Senior Class President and, as though in anticipation of the call of his Nation, he has taken the training of R.O.T.C. and is at the present time a Major in that organization.

So to Stanley Morgan we have awarded our fourth prize of \$300, with our blessing, and express the hope that he returns from the war safe and sound and ready to pick up the course of education which he has so intelligently, faithfully and successfully heretofore pursued.

Again to the West, to the State of Idaho, our Trustees turn for our third prize winner, who is certified by the Superintendent of the Schools as having exceptionally high grades throughout his entire school experience and graduates with the high average of 95.7% for his four-year high school course. The Superintendent also remarks, "This is a remarkable record in view of the fact that our standards are high and this record is the second highest four-year average ever earned in this school during its entire history of forty-seven years." This boy has just now reached the age of seventeen so that his record marks him



# "LETTUCE BEET THE AXIS!" say the 5 Crowns

With hoes and with rakes  
We've done what it takes  
To keep our production unswerving,

And now as we plan  
to "can what we can,"  
It's freedom itself we're preserving!



Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



as a young man of most unusual mental capacity. He has been a winner of his high school letters in football, basketball and track—an outstanding all-round high school athlete. He has been active in literary and club work and this last year was Vice President of the student body. We do not often meet such boys as Charles Edwin Horning of Wallace, Idaho, to whom we are happy to award our third scholarship prize of \$400.

Our second prize finds its recipient a graduate of the high schools of the State of Wisconsin, with a total of nineteen academic grades, a scholastic record of straight A's, without a single deviation in an excessively heavy course which included all of the mathematics as well as the literary courses, and, I may incidentally remark, also a four-year course in United States history. He finished first in his graduating class of 222 members, and the records also show that he ranked first in all other three years of his high school life; was outstanding in his extra curricular activities of forensics, debate, dramatics and music. In fact, he received state recognition in forensics and debate and in music he took national honors on several occasions. He held many offices in student school affairs and was a member of the student council two different years, which is the highest honor bestowed on any of the students of that school. By reason of this, together with the fact that this boy had to labor to earn money by shoveling snow, tending furnaces and carrying mail to pay for his own clothing and school expenses, buy his own musical instruments and also take care of the expense of a major operation that he had to experience this last summer, we are satisfied that this boy is entitled to our second scholarship award of \$400, and the same is awarded to John H. Muehlstein of Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

AND now we come to our first scholarship prize winner, who has the most remarkable record of any of the student applications that have been submitted to us, and this boy opens his application with the statement—"The chief consideration which is generally made in awarding a scholarship of this nature is the scholastic standing of the applicant and here lies the chief reason which I think entitles me to an award."

Well, this boy seemed pretty confident that he was entitled to an award, and the strange thing is that he was right, and that every one of your Foundation Trustees agrees with him, for while he was in high school he received a straight A in every course he took and was the valedictorian of a class of 101. After he went to De Pauw University he maintained his high scholastic standing,—as a freshman was elected to Phi Eta Sigma and now, upon completion of seven semesters, he has approximately a record of 70% A's and 30% B's in his courses, thus making him eligible to Phi Beta Kappa. He has majored in political science and French. He is a member of Pi Sigma Alpha and has served as Secretary-Treasurer, and says himself that he thinks this scholastically entitles him to and makes him eligible for our highest award.

Again your Trustees agreed with him. However, this boy did not confine himself to academic pursuits alone. While in high school, he was a member of the glee club and choir, one of the founders of the dramatics club and its first president, a most active member of the Hi-Y Club and Secretary for a year, business and advertising manager of the junior class play, and was the lead-

ing character in the senior class play.

He was a member of the varsity football squad for two years and head manager the third year. He was a member of the varsity basketball squad for two years, of the varsity tennis squad for one year, and a numeral winner in track, running the distance events. Furthermore, he was a participant in two state mathematics contests sponsored by Indiana University and open to all high school students in the State. In his freshman year, he placed third in the algebra contest, and in his sophomore year he was the winner of the geometry contest. During the four years he was at De Pauw, he has participated continuously in some intramural sport or another, speedball, basketball, volleyball and softball. He is a lover of good music and of good literature. He was able to attend De Pauw by reason of the fortunate circumstance that he received an Edward Rector Scholarship which, with the aid of N.Y.A., a table waiting job and what he earned in the summer time, enabled him to finish his liberal education. But now, without funds, yet thirsty for further education,—his people being unable to assist him in any way, he has filed his record with us and his plea that he may be helped to further education.

He is indeed the most outstanding boy whose application has been submitted to us, and so our first prize of \$600 is awarded to Don V. Harris, Jr., of Bluffton, Indiana, lovingly known and called by his fellow students, "Squinty" Harris, whom I now take great pleasure in introducing to you personally.

OUR five girl prize winners are in many instances as outstanding in their achievements in their particular fields as are our five outstanding boys. In presenting these scholarships, I will pursue the same course that I did with the boys and give them to you in reverse order, and although the smallest prize is awarded to a young lady who comes from one of the largest and most popular States, and particularly a State that stands about 99% in subscriptions to the Elks National Foundation from its lodges, the fact is that the five girls who win the five top prizes are so close together in their scholarship that but a fraction of a percent separates any of them.

The fifth prize winner in our computation is given a top rating in scholarship and a final combined rating of 90.1%. She is intelligent, industrious and ambitious, and graduated this year with first honors in a class of 120 pupils. She won the Hi-Y Scholarship Cup, was a member of the literary committee of the school and a debater, gave an address in the assembly as a background for a film concerning the Japanese and the war with that country. She was a member of the student council and was vice president of the Delta Epsilon Sorority. She was captain of the basketball team and referee at many of the games, and was captain of the volleyball team. She was so exceptional in mathematics, that because of the overwork of the teachers, she did tutoring to aid them in the performance of their duties. On the basis of this record, we award our fifth prize of \$200 to Florence Marie Ubertini of Cortland, New York.

Our fourth prize goes back to the State of West Virginia which, in recent years, has seemed to produce quite a number of brilliant scholars. She has taken a greater number of subjects, participated in more extra curricular activities and yet made a better grade average

than other members of her class. She and her sister had to walk more than two miles to school each morning over roads that no snow plows ever penetrated, and this as a physical feat in the snows of the Alleghenies for two girls who never missed attending school in a ten-month term is worthy of recordation.

For more than a year she worked an hour each day as an N.Y.A. employee. She comes from a family in very moderate circumstances. Her father is a worker in the coal mines and is the only wage-earner in a family in which there are six children. Her scholastic record was first in a class of 54 and the lowest rating which she got in any study was 90%.

So we are very happy to encourage this young woman in her ambition for further education and award our fourth prize of \$300 to Verla Pownell of Rivesville, West Virginia.

OUR third prize winner, a little girl from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, has battled with life to attain what she has been able to secure in probably as great a personal battle as was ever fought by the Army upon the fields of Gettysburg. She was thrown upon the mercy of the world in infancy. A kind-hearted woman took upon herself the task of rearing this little child. When she had reached the age of eleven, this foster parent of hers died and from that time she was obliged to work in order to pay for necessary school items and properly take care of and clothe herself. From the age of fourteen years, besides mastering her school studies, she was obliged to provide for her shelter, food and clothing, which she did by working for room and board in a country home, and, toward the end of her junior year in high school, when she moved into town from the country place where she had previously lived, she paid for her room and board by earning money as a waitress after school and over weekends.

Any man who has had any knowledge of life at all knows that it is a struggle for any young girl to provide for her shelter, food and clothing, keep her school work at a high level and maintain a commendable reputation. With a desire for further education, she has been making some savings from her meager earnings and has at this time accumulated a small fund for her further maintenance while pursuing a university education, if some arrangement for her expenses can be brought about.

Those who know her and know of the difficulties that she has contended with speak of her as cheerful, happy and ready to do anything that she thinks will please or help anyone. Her grading in high school is 16 A's and 4 B's, and she is first in a class of 117 pupils. She won the Edward Johnson McPherson Memorial Prize for girls which is awarded on scholastic attainment. She was a member of the staff of the school paper and took part in school assembly programs, and during the last year she has been editor of the school paper and has done a particularly fine job.

This, in view of the fact that during her entire life she has had neither the assistance nor counsel of father or mother, gives her performance and accomplishments a most pleasing and persuasive atmosphere. And so we have awarded to this little girl our third prize of \$400 which is to go to Mary Catherine McMillion of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Our second prize finds its recipient in the State of New Jersey, and this girl states her desire for a college education to be predicated on the necessity, as she



put it, "not only to secure the cultural background and a preparation for earning my own living but also that I may become more impartial, unbiased and well informed, in order to be of service to my country in the post-war world". Here again we find the student thinking of what is to happen to them after this war is over and the frequently expressed desire to be of service to the country when that chaotic period arrives.

Before taking up her scholastic record, she presents quite a list of extra curricular activities—secretary of the Representative Assembly, member of the student council, of the Romance Language Club, of the French Club, Vice President of Girls' Club, member of the Book and Mark Club, President of the Debating Club, captain of the cheer leaders, and received her school letters for soccer, hockey, basketball, volley ball, baseball and horseshoe pitching and, by golly, any girl that will engage in horseshoe pitching is coming up pretty close to being a real man.

This girl's scholastic record, in a school which does not mark any student higher than 90, is a straight 90 record for the four years in every course taken and, in addition to the English and Latin Courses, she took the mathematical course, history courses, chemistry, French, Physical Education and American Democracy. So the well deserved second prize is awarded to Babette de Bary of Leonia, New Jersey.

**B**UT the prize girl of the whole lot is the little daughter of an old-time professional ball player, known throughout the country as "Cy" Perkins, now a Yeoman 3rd class in the United States Naval Reserve and drawing the munificent salary of \$78 per month. Her scholastic record is a record of straight A's in every course, entitling her to a 100% rating, and her list of extra curricular activities is as impressive as the law of the Medes and the Persians.

In her freshman year, she was the highest honor scholar and elected to the cabinet of the Girls' Club for four years; vice president of the freshman history club; reporter on the school paper; runner-up for school championship spelling, and runner-up in the *Boston Herald* Contest at Faneuil Hall for spelling.

In her sophomore year, she was the recipient of the Sawyer Medal given for scholarship and character, a member of the literary staff of the school literary magazine, and in her junior year was in the first group of nine elected to the National Honor Society; chosen as a member of the Stevens Book Reviewers, an honorary literary society. She was first in a class of over 200, second in a school of over 1,000 in modified Alpha Form 9 examination. She was editor of "Spotlights", and junior editor of the *Beacon*, the school magazine. She was elected Secretary of the Girls' Club, membership of over 600; elected to the executive board of the French Club; chosen by the faculty as a student member of the Cape Ann Scientific, Literary and Historical Association, and in her senior year, she was editor-in-chief of the *Beacon* school Magazine, editor of the school newspaper, secretary of the National Honor Society, secretary of the French Club, secretary of the Girls' Club, and selected to speak at a Library Benefit by the Stevens Book Reviewers.

Three years a Girl Scout and three years with Tri-Hi Girls' Club, of which she was treasurer the second year. This is the club that aids Red Cross, needy families and other benefits. Very little or no assistance was she given to meet

# Life smiles on the man with **Pipe \*Appeal**



**B**londe or brunette—they prefer the man who smokes a pipe! But don't let 'em down! Follow through—with true **PIPE APPEAL!** Put Prince Albert in the bowl. **FRAGRANCE** to keep 'em smiling—on a date—at home—in the office—anywhere. **GOOD TASTE** to keep you smiling—rich taste, yet *mild* and *mellow*, easy on your tongue. P. A. is no-bite treated, crimp cut.

# **PRINCE \*ALBERT**

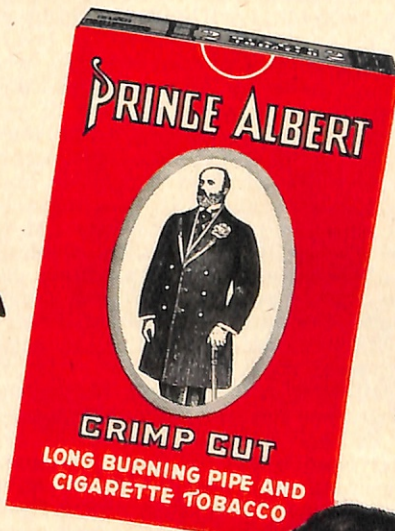
**THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE**

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

**70**

fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



BUY  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

**IT'S THE NO-BITE  
SMOKE —  
THE RICH TASTE  
COMES THROUGH  
MILDLY!**





her own expenses but this did not discourage her because she worked as a ward maid in the summer of 1940 in the Addison Gilbert Hospital at fifteen years of age, forty-eight hours a week for \$9.00 per week, and while there she worked in the Operating and Surgical Department.

She worked in an ice-cream parlor in the summer of 1941, averaging 36 hours a week, for \$7.00 per week, and at the present time she works in a restaurant and ice-cream parlor 48 hours per week during vacation, and, during school months, on Saturdays and Sunday afternoons and evenings. And during 1942 and 1943, she also worked as waitress to a caterer.

For a girl to attain the straight A's that she did and master the curriculum that she followed in the high school while doing all the things that she has done bespeaks a remarkable personality, indomitable perseverance and physical health, a worthy ambition deserving

recognition and encouragement, and so to the little daughter of old Cy Perkins, Dorothy Nauss Perkins, we award our first prize of \$600, and it gives us intense satisfaction and gratification to be able to present her personally to you.

Our five additional prizes of \$100 each for boys are awarded to:

Joseph Warren Fockler of Sistersville, West Virginia

Joseph Smith of Salt Lake City, Utah  
Keith Grim of Clarkston, Washington  
Dwight Schroeder of Santa Ana, California

Paul Stillwell of Aberdeen, South Dakota

Our five additional prizes of \$100 each to girls are awarded to:

Lois Benson of Omaha, Nebraska

Margaret Hill of Greeley, Colorado

Mary Louise Price of Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania

Marie E. Elbersson of Mount Holly, New Jersey

Dorothy E. Caldwell of New Castle, Indiana.

IN CLOSING this report and by way of illustrating some of the difficulties that your Trustees encountered in awarding prizes, it developed that Paul Stillwell of Aberdeen, South Dakota; Richard M. Bennett of Lynnwood, California, and George N. Spaulding of Ionia, Michigan, were an absolute tie in their ratings. Fortunately, your Trustees were advised by the State Association of California of its intention to award a scholarship to Richard M. Bennett and by the State Association of Michigan of its intention to award their scholarship prize to George N. Spaulding. Consequently your Trustees felt that inasmuch as these two worthy students were being taken care of by their State Associations with scholarship prize awards, the third student who trotted the dead heat with the other two should have the award of your Foundation Trustees.

## The Great Thirst of Mars

(Continued from page 5)

German supertrust, Farbenindustrie. War alcohol comes into the synthetic rubber picture because it is used in the manufacture of butadiene which is the major ingredient in Buna S.

Each bushel of grain, wheat or corn will produce about two and a half gallons of 190-proof alcohol in the converted whiskey distilleries. Out of those two and a half gallons of war alcohol will come two pounds of butadiene produced by a rather complicated process. In one formula, war alcohol becomes butadiene by being vaporized, then sprayed through a chamber containing a catalyst. (Editor's note: A catalyst is a chemical substance that effects a change in a compound without changing itself.)

When it was announced that war alcohol made by men who had distilled liquor was to be used in the manufacture of tires, a parched prophet with the sand of the desert khamsin whistling through his bur-noose, climbed out on the minaret and urged his fellow citizens not to ride on tires made from alcohol! Needless to say, this gratuitous advice was greeted by a loud laugh from the crowd and the manufacture of Buna S from butadiene, via whiskey, went right ahead.

Synthetic rubber and smokeless powder are the two heaviest consumers of war alcohol. But there are other equally vital if more moderate users: mustard gas, which we have ready to use if the Axis hits farther below the belt than usual; torpedoes that sizzle through the water as war alcohol burns inside their ingenious mechanisms; ether, the old reliable anesthetic which gives war casualties a merciful sleep as surgeons operate. You can't run a war without war alcohol or, as General Grant might have put it, "You can't run a war without whiskey" in some form or other.

Before whiskey went to war, distilling spirits was a rather casual

trade. The distilleries would close over the weekend, shut down for long, hot, summer months. It was an easy-going, luxury business. When war came whiskey wanted to roll up its sleeves and pitch in. But like the legendary volunteer who eventually became a draftee, whiskey was turned down every time it tried to enlist. "We don't need you, old man," it was told. And whiskey went sadly back to the distillery to drown its sorrows. Then the war gathered speed, in reverse as far as the Allies were concerned: the list of disasters began to read like a deluxe, pre-war Cook's tour: Malaya, Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines. And as the tragedy deepened, the military needs rose in inverse ratio. Subsequently the original estimate of war alcohol needed shot sky high. One day a telegram arrived at the distillery, "Congratulations," it read, "you're in 1A." Delighted, whiskey started to roll up its sleeves only to find that they were tied down with red tape—no whiskey distillery could work on Sunday. That meant one day out of each week lost in the fight against enemies to whom the Sabbath was an anachronism. Undaunted, the whiskey people got Congress to pass two new laws so that distilleries could make war alcohol on Sundays!

But that was only the beginning; many more obstacles lay ahead. "What obstacles?" you might ask. Distill whiskey—distill war alcohol. What could be simpler? If conversion could only have been as easy as that—as easy as the practiced movements of a good bartender filling a glass measure with the smooth sweep, the swift, lyrical gurgling that comes to a marvelously precise stop at the rim of a polished jigger. But there was a lot more to conversion than that—whiskey had to fight its way to war.

As a matter of fact, before Pearl Harbor there seemed to be some

question whether whiskey would be needed at all in the war effort. There was an apparently adequate number of industrial alcohol plants that cooked their high-proof alcohol out of "blackstrap" molasses. There's a word redolent with romance—blackstrap. It conjures up pictures of picaresque heroes scrapping and wenching under a pale tropical moon. Among sailors "blackstrap" means a cheap port or other Mediterranean wine which they can call for when their funds run low in Cairo or Havana. Blackstrap can also be a lively drink composed of rum and molasses, sometimes spiced with vinegar, the sort of drink hardy colonists would quaff in the old days as they stood behind the stockade and picked off Indians. But to the unromantic manufacturers of industrial alcohol, blackstrap means the unappetizing glop that is left in the bottom of the barrel after stalks of sugar cane have churned through the mill. Blackstrap is the residue, a muddy liquid full of minerals and some sugar that does not crystallize—heavy, sticky stuff unfit for human consumption but good, basic material for industrial alcohol.

Most of this blackstrap molasses came to Eastern industrial alcohol plants on fat tankers that sailed over the peaceful waters between American and West Indian ports. Suddenly those peaceful waters erupted as torpedoes spurted from German submarines and found their marks. Tanker after tanker caved in and sank and the salty waters of the Caribbean were sweetened with thick, blackstrap molasses. The industrial alcohol plants began to limp, the war alcohol situation began to look as black as the stuff that was oozing from the buckled plates of torpedoed tankers. War alcohol was needed, lots of it, in a hurry, needed for the manufacture of smokeless powder, needed for the synthetic rubber which would partly replace



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



the natural rubber seized by the Japs. Where to get it? What about those bottles behind the bars? There was alcohol in them, certainly. Come to think of it, hadn't some of those whiskey people come forward and offered to put their plants at the disposal of the Government? Yes, they had. But at that time, before Pearl Harbor, we were wearing rose-colored glasses.

TO THE whiskey distillers conversion meant no more whiskey for the duration. It meant big gaps in the rows of bottles that stood behind the Nation's bars with all the polish and splendor of the Coldstream Guards. To the whiskey makers conversion was a real sacrifice; it confronted the liquor industry which had recently reached the oasis after a long trek across the desert, with another drought.

Conversion is a three-syllable word meaning headaches. It meant marching migraine to the whiskey people. One reason was equipment trouble. There is a considerable difference between an industrial alcohol plant and the typical whiskey distillery and most of that difference lies in one big piece of equipment—a column—a column being the trade name for the enormous cylinder possibly sixty feet in diameter and a couple of stories high, in which the juices of grain become purer and more alcoholic. The industrial alcohol plants have columns that can push the vapor rising off the blackstrap molasses up to 190-proof—95% alcohol—war alcohol. But only a few whiskey distilleries had enough columns in which to get the grain product up that high and most of them produced an alcohol far below 190-proof. In fact, the ordinary whiskey still produces a low-proof liquid that runs anywhere from 120-proof to 140-proof. This is raw whiskey which has to be reduced in proof and stored in barrels of charcoaled oak for a few years to get its color and smoothness, to become potable. This stuff is called "high wine". Don't ask me why. I've tried to find out and the quest drove me several leagues nearer the observation ward. Some looby thought up the term several years ago and it stuck. I hope he's satisfied. High wine is not very high as alcohol goes and it is not wine. High wine is elevating enough to raise my old friend Baron Knockwurst of Bud's Bar and Grill to a point where the world looks like his oyster with tabasco sauce, but it is not high enough for the manufacture of smokeless powder and synthetic rubber. So whiskey couldn't go to war unless the liquor people devised some way of pushing "high wine" up to the level of war alcohol *without using essential materials*.

Into the game at this critical juncture ran Matthew J. MacNamara, vice-president of National Distillers, James F. Brownlee of Frankfort Distilleries, and J. G. Martin of Heublein Bros. Other stars hurled themselves

into the fray, H. F. Willkie of Seagram (brother of Wendell), Harry C. Hatch of Hiram Walker, Lewis Rosensteil of Schenley Distillers and L. J. Gunson of Continental.

While Too Little chased Too Late, MacNamara as special consultant to the War Production Board, drew up his plan of battle: to the West lay California where eternal sunshine is reputed to bring out the best in grapes, vineyards, brandy. It was the last named that interested MacNamara. For the vice-president of National Distillers was familiar with the unusual customs of the brandy barons: the grape-crushing season in the vineyards of California lasts only ninety days; in those ninety days rivers of purple juice stain floors and stills as the brandy barons belabor the bejabbers out of the grapes. For ninety days the vinters' rectifying columns steam and bubble over the heads of hustling workers, then suddenly the whistle blows and the tumult dies away. The concentrated activity of brandy-making strikes the rectifying columns after a long lay-off during which rust may gather in unflexed joints. To be on the safe side many brandy barons have extra rectifying columns on tap for an emergency. It was this extra equipment that caught MacNamara's eye; this was the equipment that would enable the whiskey people to push their product up to 190-proof—war alcohol.

MAC NAMARA'S Band went West in the early summer of 1942. Arriving in golden California they found themselves faced with a herculean task—there were 126 brandy distilleries to pick and choose from. So that no brandy plant might suffer from an inequitable deal, MacNamara decided to inspect every single one of the 126 plants. By working overtime and hopping from one place to another like a cluster of paratroops, MacNamara's Band got this big job done in six weeks.

As a representative of the WPB, MacNamara had authority to put the screws on recalcitrant still owners. "But not once," he told me, "did I have to use the word 'requisition'. The brandy people were completely cooperative."

The clouds were slowly clearing. While MacNamara's emergency equipment was on its way to distilleries in the Midwest old stills were being salvaged and new ones built of non-essential materials, wood, tile, porcelain. What's more, arrangements had been made to ship the high wines of other distilleries to industrial alcohol plants: twelve distilleries in Maryland and Pennsylvania were to ship their output to a plant at Yonkers, N. Y.; fourteen distilleries in Louisville, Kentucky, were to ship their high wine to a plant at Terre Haute, Indiana. All this high wine was to be pushed up to the summit—war alcohol.

The pay-off came in the Fall of 1942. MacNamara's Band gave two

short but brilliant performances in Louisville, Kentucky, and Baltimore, Maryland. In just a few days of fast, furious and efficient work, fifty-two distilleries were allocated the emergency equipment MacNamara had found in California. Some of these distilleries were small plants tucked away in the hills of Kentucky, some were big like Hiram Walker's enormous distillery at Peoria, Illinois. It was a quick, effective job. Fifty-two distilleries which could formerly make only "high wine" were now ready to turn out war alcohol. "The remarkable part about that conversion job," said MacNamara, "was that we didn't use one pound of copper; all the materials used were non-essential."

That's how whiskey went to war; it found itself in a fight long before it got to the front.

NOW that we've seen what whiskey does in war let's briefly consider some of its more peaceful aspects. A lot of people drink whiskey—according to a usually reliable authority—but very few seem to know much about it. The terms used in the trade don't help much either. Look at them: "proof", "congeners", "high wines", "beer", "neutral grain spirits".

"Proof" means alcoholic content. You divide by two. For example 100-proof means 50% alcohol. Many visiting warriors such as Aussies and Englishmen have had impressive lessons in the meaning of proof. Well able to take an evening's toping in their stride where 86-proof scotch and soda was concerned, they have found themselves leading the orchestra and doing handsprings after consuming an equal quantity of 100-proof bourbon. Similarly Americans visiting Russia have been struck—and I really mean struck—by the proof difference between bourbon and vodka. (Vodka could almost be classed as "war alcohol" rising to the breath-taking height of 145-proof.) A friend of mine who crossed Siberia on a nine-day train ride, reported that two youthful commissars drank tall, fat glasses of vodka at eleven every morning as if they were tossing off a couple of cokes. Still dazed months afterwards, he said, "I half expected to see them suddenly disappear in a cloud of smoke." This gentleman had just come from a long stay in Sweden where he had soared around Stockholm on the very high-proof Swedish drink, *aquavit*, which could be translated as meaning "Quick brother, the water".

"Congeners" are the gremlins found in raw whiskey. In good whiskey these gremlins are pretty well eliminated in the distilling process but in cheap whiskey many of them are still present and can be found the next morning playing hopscotch on the celebrant's tongue. Congeners masquerade under such fancy labels as "furfural", "aldehyde" and "fusel oil". The last named is literally a stinker and should be avoided, literally, at all costs. Fusel oil is prob-



ably what Harry Braveheart sniffed just before he was shanghaied in a waterfront dive.

High wines have already been explained. They are not high enough for war alcohol and neither are they wines. Nor do the whiskey people think of beer in the layman's language. To them "beer" is a trade term for the fermented mash of grain, malt and yeast.

Neutral grain spirits have been called a distillers' euphemism for alcohol. That's not quite exact. Neutral grain spirits are alcohol but so is industrial alcohol which is made from blackstrap molasses. Now alcohol is alcohol whether it's distilled from corn or potatoes but professional tasters given two jiggers of colorless spirits claim that the vote is 100 to 0 in favor of neutral grain spirits as against industrial alcohol. Neutral grain spirits are distilled from grain: corn, rye, barley, malt, wheat.

WHEN whiskey comes off the still it is a colorless liquid. It is then aged in charred oak barrels and when it gurgles out of these barrels it is smooth and has its familiar color. During Prohibition a friend of mine bought two gallons of raw, colorless whiskey at a Maryland still. On his way back to college he stopped in at a drugstore and bought a fistful of charcoal sticks which he dropped in the jugs. Being a patient cove he was ready to wait many months before drinking the whiskey, allowing the charcoal time to take the fire out of the raw whiskey and give it some color. But impatient classmates had different ideas and inside of a week the jugs were empty. To the angry protests of my friend the classmates replied, "We drink colorless gin don't we? Then why not drink white whiskey?" Connoisseurs may shudder but that was the irrepressible spirit of those old-fashioned days. Charcoal sticks purchased in a drug store were the Prohibition equivalent of charred oak barrels in many parts of America. In that lively era—certainly no more lively than the present one—bootleggers used to make their whiskey out of sugar for "revenooers" could smell a grain whiskey still miles away from its hiding place. Unfortunately, some of those Prohibition customs are being revived as whiskey stocks shrink. Recently police cars skidded around California corners in the approved Hollywood style, dashing recklessly after gangsters who had just hijacked a liquor truck.

Will whiskey be rationed? The whiskey people answer this by saying it's already rationed in some way or other either by state liquor authorities, the dealers or the distillers. Some dealers are reversing the old rule whereby a customer who bought a case paid less per bottle; now the dealers add on an extra levy to buyers by the case, making a penalty out of a privilege. State rationing varies tremendously: in Virginia the con-

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sumer is allowed a pint a week; in hardy Vermont, he's allowed two quarts a day. Thirteen of the seventeen liquor-monopoly states have instituted rationing and some of these are selling ration books at a quarter apiece.

The whiskey people are supposed to have a reserve stock of 500,000,000 gallons of liquor. That sounds like a tremendous amount. But, whiskey distilleries are now making war alcohol, not whiskey, and don't forget that whiskey has to be aged. This means that a good distillery can't jump right back from the war alcohol business into the whiskey business—the ageing process will

mean a time lag of at least two years and possibly four. Moreover, 500,000,000 gallons of whiskey don't just sit around—some whiskey evaporates, some leaks, which waste is called "outage" in the trade. Experts figure that from that big reserve, "outage" will claim about 22% which brings the stock down to 400,000,000. Unless whiskey is made before the war ends, some will have to be saved to cover the time lag created by the ageing process. So you can cross off another 100,000,000 gallons which leaves 300,000,000, quite a drop from the 500,000,000 with which we started this problem in subtraction. If whiskey consump-

tion can be held down to 85,000,000 gallons a year—it was far over that figure last year—then the whiskey stocks could last three years. There have been many sage guesses but no one knows when the war will end. Perhaps before it's over some distilleries will get a "vacation" and be allowed to make some whiskey to replace vanishing stocks.

Anyway, whiskey hasn't got much time to worry about the future. Distilleries that once leisurely made rye and bourbon are now working seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day to turn out hundreds of thousands of gallons of war alcohol for Uncle Sam's war machines.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 9)

And from 200 to 400 pounds of moss-bunkers.

Mossbunkers, known as "bunkers" to the faithful, are bony, oily, herring-like fish which usually are processed into oil, meal and fertilizer. Sport fishermen grind them up into a bloody, evil-smelling hash known as "chum", which in turn is used to lure predatory denizens of the deep in the following manner:

The angler anchors his boat in a likely offshore spot, preferably where there's a favorable tide running, and periodically splatters the ocean with offerings of this noisome mess. The stuff drifts away from the stern of the boat and establishes what is known as a "slick". Sooner or later this drifting chum attracts prowling fish, which follow it back to the anchored boat, where baited lines are dangling. That, roughly, is about all there is to chumming, except for one thing: the smell.

No fish in the world possesses the penetrating, lingering fragrance of bunker chum. The writer has seen strong men get one whiff, and, within the space of seconds, return to its native element a five-course seafood dinner, which previously had taken an hour to consume. What's more, no matter how carefully you fish with bunker chum, everybody in the boat manages to get liberally splattered. Bathing doesn't banish its horrid smell—the bouquet has to wear off with time, like a blot on a lady's honor.

Pete barged into the office about mid-afternoon and announced the station wagon waited without and would I please shake a leg.

"I told you I didn't want to go chumming," I remonstrated.

"Who said anything about chumming?" he evaded. "Tonight we'll troll for striped bass or maybe jig a few weakfish. Come on, let's get going."

"Oh, all right," I replied. "I'm just putty in your hands."

A bit later we were trolling assorted lures from the stern of Pete's trim craft just off Asbury Park, and getting nowhere. Then, suddenly, we

spotted a big school of feeding weakfish and a half-hour of fast jigging put about 30 nice fish in the box as we drifted along with the tide. By that time a full moon was climbing the sky and the ocean had flattened out like a millpond.

"What an evening this would be to chum for blues," Pete remarked, unhooking another weakfish. "A commercial fishing friend of mine told me there's a big school of blues working off Long Branch, and that they should be hitting before long."

"Blues off Long Branch?" I queried, suddenly interested.

"Yeah, and they're really big ones, too. Maybe we ought to run down that way tonight and see what's what."

"What good will it do us?" I asked. "We haven't any chum, chum."

"That's what you think, pal," he replied, as he stepped on the starter button and the motor roared to life. "I brought along a little, just in case. Nothing like being prepared for anything."

"Why, you double-crossing, lying..."

"Keep your chemise on, Toots," he broke in, as the boat picked up speed. "Maybe tonight's the night we'll grab that pretty brass ring."

An hour later we were bobbing at anchor off Seabright and the northern horizon was beginning to blush with Coney Island's reflected incandescence. Around us other boats, mostly commercials, were nodding with the gentle swells, but nobody was hauling fish.

"They just ain't hittin'," commented a veteran bayman from a nearby boat. "Don't think a fish has been caught so far tonight. But they figure to bite sometime this evening and I'm going to stick around until they do."

Pete meanwhile was rigging up a pair of rods and Carl, our combined deck hand, engineer and mate, delicately splattered a few spoonfuls of chum over the stern. I dropped a baited hook overboard and almost instantly got a strike that jarred me right down to my toes. A second

later Pete also was fast to a fish.

"Wow!" he exclaimed. "Either the ocean is lousy with sharks, or I'm connected with the grandpappy of all bluefish."

"Mine ain't no minnow, either, sweetheart," I replied, trying to control a bucking rod which threatened to go overboard with every surge of the frantic fish, whatever it was.

Then both fish broke water in almost simultaneous jumps and what we had no longer was any mystery. We were fast to a pair of the biggest bluefish we'd ever seen.

Now, some anglers will argue the gameness of various fish, but for this writer's dough nothing comes even close to a bluefish for savagery, fighting heart and every other quality the angler admires. Pound for pound he's the greatest of the great. If this oceanic wanderer attained 50 to 100 pound weight, the writer is convinced it would be almost impossible to handle 'em with any kind of gear. Furthermore, it wouldn't be safe to swim anywhere along the eastern coast. Traveling in schools, as they do, they're perhaps the ocean's most bloodthirsty killers for their size. When that record run of blues drove up the eastern coast in '35, from Diamond Shoals to Martha's Vineyard, it swept the ocean of smaller species of fish like a huge, lethal broom. Nothing remained behind but cursing commercial fishermen, who couldn't make expenses for two weeks after the destructive horde had passed by.

When we finally boated those two blues, Pete got out the scales. One fish weighed just over nine pounds and the other nudged eleven.

"Let us proceed with our fishing," he commented, "and let the chum splatter where it will. Man, what bluefish!"

We battled bluefish for the next two hours until our knuckles were bruised and bleeding from spinning reel crank whacks, and our fingers lacerated by leader wire and fish teeth.

And the amazing thing was that neighboring boats hardly were get-



ting a fish. Most of the commercials were fishing with heavy handlines and it didn't occur to us—or them—that this heavy gear was responsible for their poor luck. At least it didn't then, but we figured out the reason later.

"What in hell are you guys fishin' with?" queried a commercial in a neighboring boat. "Seems like every time I look over there you're tossing another bluefish into the icebox."

"We're fishing with bunkers, same as you," Pete replied. "Maybe you've been beating your wife."

"Ain't got no wife," replied the irked fisherman. "Blamed if I can understand how you guys do it."

By that time we were getting down to the last of our chum and nearly 50 huge blues had been boated. The smallest fish we had scaled around seven pounds and the largest just over eleven. It was the finest catch of big blues we'd ever seen and the most exciting night's fishing we'd ever known.

Just before our bait and chum ran out, a school of sharks moved in, and if we'd had excitement before, we got a double dose with the arrival of those scavengers. Hooked blues, pursued by the foraging sharks, jumped, tail-walked and tangled gear in their frantic efforts to elude their larger enemies. Some were overtaken and neatly bitten in two and twice sharks were hooked, along with the bluefish. Just as the last of the chum went overboard my bait was taken by a shark which headed directly for Ambrose Light and kept going. There was no stopping the big fish and 200 yards of nine-thread line went bye-bye in a matter of seconds.

We quit at eleven o'clock with about 400 pounds of blues in the fish-box and splashed from head to foot with blood, scales and chum. We even had the stuff in our hair. But we also had enjoyed the finest night's fishing in our memory. On the way back to the dock Pete spoke up.

"You know why those other guys weren't getting many fish?" he questioned.

"Nope."

"We were using light nine-thread line and the rest of those guys were chumming with heavy tarred codfish lines. Those blues were line shy."

So that was it!

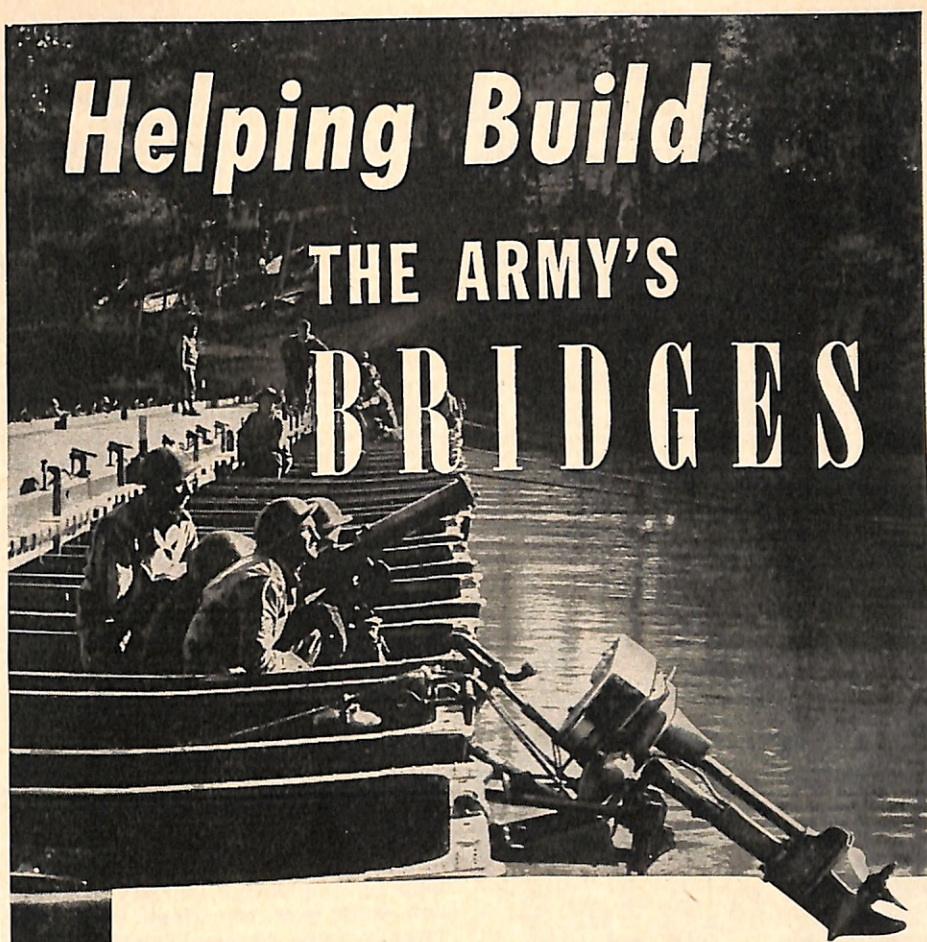
We all took a quick swim and a scrub after docking and headed for a nearby seafood joint to celebrate our good luck. The place was jammed with guys in ice cream pants and dolls in light summer dresses. But not for long. In a few minutes the trade melted away and the proprietor, a grim look on his face, edged up to our table, sniffed a couple of times and motioned toward the front entrance with a jerk of his thumb.

"Outside, gents," he spoke up. "You're lousing up the joint."

Pete bristled. "Will you kindly explain the reason for this insult?" he answered back.

"If you guys don't know," replied

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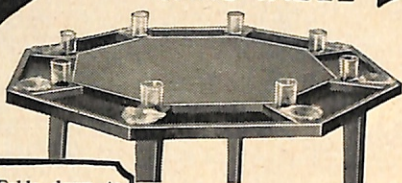


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the proprietor, "there's something wrong with your beezers and maybe you should see a good nose doctor. G'wan, beat it, you're ruining my trade." So we took the air.

"Funny thing," remarked Pete, as we climbed into the station wagon outside, "but I don't smell a thing!"

"Spoken like a true chumming fan!" I replied. "Even our best friends tell us, but who cares? What say we go out chumming again tomorrow night and really get stunk up?"

"Why not?" replied Pete. So we did.

## A Toe on the Threshold

(Continued from page 6)

disabling injury, Feller certainly would have made the Hall of Fame. Skeptics can be overwhelmed by the sheer weight of statistics, which is the only accurate or worthwhile criterion.

You can put it down that Bob Feller was the greatest 23-year-old pitcher in the history of baseball. He had won 107 major-league games when he went into the Navy early in 1942. During the six years he was in the American League, Cleveland was close to the pennant only once, in 1940. The team was riddled by dissension during his best years, still Feller won 107 games.

Cy Young, winner of more games than any man who ever lived, had won only nine big-league games when he was twenty-three.

The great Walter Johnson had won 65 games and Christy Mathewson had won 64 when they were twenty-three. Grover Cleveland Alexander, co-holder of the National League record with Mathewson, wasn't even in the big leagues at twenty-three.

Feller had led his league in victories, innings pitched and strikeouts for three successive seasons. Terrific as he was, he unquestionably would have been more terrific. He was a cinch for the Hall. He was just a kid, just beginning to learn his trade, when he went away to war.

This is the second complete season Feller has missed and the most sanguine optimist must concede he will miss at least one more. Assume it is three years, the minimum. Feller still will be a young man when he returns to baseball—but what effect will three years of active service in the Navy have upon his stamina? What will military training and dirty weather on the deck of a destroyer do to his arm?

The same questions can be applied to Williams, baseball's best hitter since Rogers Hornsby. Williams, all-over average in the big leagues was .356; of all the men in the Hall of Fame, Cobb alone tops him with .367. Williams' .356 was the product of four short seasons and a niche in the Hall is reserved for a man only after he has played fifteen years. That much is true, yet Williams, like Feller, was just beginning to find himself. Great as he was, he would have been greater.

DiMaggio, with .339 for seven years and a fielding genius, was a live candidate for membership among

the immortals. Reiser, youngest player ever to win a major-league batting championship and the possessor of speed and an arm to go with his talents as a hitter, was an unusually gifted boy. He had a long way to go, of course, but this much we know: He had a heck of a running start toward his objective.

Captain Hank Greenberg, who was thirty when he went into the Army in May, 1941, might have made it. He was gaining steadily in stature as a ball player, even though he did not again approach closely the 58 home runs he hit in 1938. When Greenberg was drafted, he was working on a contract calling for \$55,000 a year, a salary exceeded only by Ruth and Cobb. We always have thought that Greenberg suffered greater financial loss because of the war than any other athlete, including Sergeant Joe Louis.

You know Louis' first fight after the war will draw one million dollars; in one quick touch he will regain practically everything he lost through Army service. Louis' second fight will be another million-dollar attraction, particularly if he loses the first bout, but Greenberg probably will not earn another dime as a ball player. They don't come back in the middle thirties after a layoff of four or five years.

Baseball did not have to cope with this peculiar problem a quarter of a century ago. The great majority of the better players went into the Service after the Work or Fight order was issued in May, 1918, and all had returned to the game in ample time for the 1919 season. Cobb, for example, played 111 games in '18 and had a batting average of .382 when he received his commission in the Army. He came back as good as ever, hitting .384 in '19. Alexander left early in '18, after he had appeared in only three games, but he too was on hand for the 1919 opening. Without exception, no other player in the Hall of Fame missed more than a month of the 1918 season.

Any proposal to relax the rigid rules governing nomination to the Hall of Fame will meet with strenuous opposition. We are quick to admit this opposition is proper and understandable. From 1900 to 1940, perhaps seven or eight thousand ball players passed in review in the two major leagues and only thirteen were adjudged worthy of election by the Baseball Writers Association. A



place in the Hall is a high distinction in a game that thrives on tradition; it will become an empty honor if the doors are thrown open indiscriminately.

It can be argued further that young men in all professions and occupations are losing priceless time and training. This, unfortunately, is too true. A brilliant first-year law student who was drafted will not be permitted automatically to practice before the Supreme Court when he returns and there is no concerted agitation to award an Oscar to Coast Guardsman Victor Mature. War is monstrously unfair to all young people. Ball players must take their beating along with all the others whose hopes and ambitions were uprooted.

This is the hard, realistic attitude, but baseball professes to be a sentimental business. It can prove the point by waiving the long period of service which now is a requisite for the Hall.

If the baseball writers are unwilling to go whole hog, they can reach a satisfactory compromise with their rigid standards by creating some sort of secondary distinction that will serve the purpose of reminding future fans that players of the 1940's did their part in preserving the American institution that is baseball. The anteroom to the Hall of Fame can be called the Alcove of Achievement or any sonorous name conceived for it just so long as it is there at Cooperstown.

Not all the men who should be remembered by baseball will be admitted to the austere Hall. The Alcove would be a happy invention

to accommodate the overflow. Captain Eddie Grant, the only major-leaguer killed in the first war, surely deserves an official memorial. There is a movement under way to name Grant to the Hall of Fame, but sincerely patriotic people have raised objections, pointing out that Grant was in professional baseball for ten years and the caliber of his play was not up to the pure, technical excellence that governs election. No one possibly would object, however, if there was a simple plaque to Grant's memory somewhere in the shrine of the game.

As one who has participated in every election, we know a man's chances for the Hall of Fame dwindle with the passing of the years. Ed Walsh, who appeared in 66 games in one season, should—but won't—have more enduring recognition than a mere line in the record book. So should Jack Chesbro, who won 41 games in 1904. Frank Frisch, Jimmy Foxx, Mel Ott, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, Harry Heilmann, Charley Gehringer, Paul Waner, Ted Lyons and Bill Terry, only 400 hitter of the 1930's, are only a few of the great ball players whose chances of becoming Hall of Famers are pretty remote, but that does not detract from the brilliance of their efforts. They knocked loudly on the door; they should be admitted to the Alcove, at least, to save them from obscurity.

The cases of the men who had a full career and missed can wait for future re-appraisal. We are concerned right now with giving a break to deserving kids who didn't have all the fling that was coming to them.

## In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 8)

small matters, particularly the former, in view of the prevalence and rapid spread of the Victory Garden idea. An old friend of mine with whom I was lunching the other day and who is one of the outstanding authorities on pedigreed kennel dogs is of the opinion that the loose dog is becoming a national problem. This may be a sweeping statement—and yet community after community is being forced to enact stiff measures to cope with the problem. In my own town recently, the town council unanimously passed a law which will impose a fine of \$50 or an alternative of ten days in the clink on the owner of any dog found running freely.

Looking over my notes I find that I can list no fewer than fifteen reasons why dogs should not be permitted to wander at will. These are divided fairly evenly between reasons in the interests of dogs themselves and reasons important to people.

Let's state the case for Fido first: Probably more dogs are killed by automobiles than from any other cause. Of course, right now in the

gas-rationed East there's less traffic than normally, but when traffic does begin to flow again you'll find this statement close to the truth. You see, while Nature endowed the dog with remarkable hearing and scenting abilities she was looking the other way when equipping the dog with eyesight. It is said that our four-legged friend only sees about as well as does a person with normal vision along about sun-down. Very likely the dog has no perception of objects traveling toward him although he may be quick to detect anything crossing his line of vision. The pooch easily discerns the gas scent and just as easily hears the approach of a car but lacking visual power, he cannot estimate the speed of that approach.

Number two is to the effect that were there no loose dogs there would be no sicknesses so fatal to Fido as rabies, which while not common always spells death to the dog. Distemper too would vanish, as it is the loose dog that acts as carrier of the disease germ. How many other germs of dog sicknesses it spreads

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can only be estimated by a competent vet—but they're plenty.

Then too, it is the purp on the loose that is the more likely to be poisoned, accidentally or otherwise. Yes, there are some black-hearted male and female rogues who will descend to the shame of poisoning a dog, but, fortunately, they are not common—I mean in the sense of there being many.

Still another reason why dogs should not gallivant around unchaperoned by their masters is the possibility of getting into a damaging fight with another dog. Many have been permanently crippled or killed this way. The restricted dog has no opportunity to go to war.

The wandering dog often is dog-napped by people who sell such dogs for purposes of vivisection. As to the benefits of such experiments, we won't argue them here. Too many people are lined up as pro or con on the question. But at any rate, many of the vivisectionists would have to buy their dogs from organized sources.

Last but not the least of the things detrimental to the dog when it roams as it wishes is the business of a dirty coat. The majority of free runners I've seen would do with a bath which they only get when the careless owner snares his pooch. The dirty coat is a germ attractor and carrier and dogs as a rule prefer to be clean. Note, I say "as a rule" because there are many, many who regard the virtues of soap and water as do little Harry or Harriet.

Now for the case of the people vs. dogs:

Earlier I mentioned the relation of dogs to Victory Gardens. I believe that dogs commit more damage in this direction than in any other way. It's downright selfish for the owner of a dog to allow it to stray so it can destroy the fruits of one's labor. Gardening is backbreaking labor—although plenty of fun for most folks—and stray dogs often break down plants or soil them so that no one wants to use them. Last year I had to throw away quite a long row of Brussels sprouts because certain tramp dogs used some of them for exchange posts. Our folks were never sure which plants were or were not used—although, yes, we did identify one or two. Result, wearying work, not to mention the time, was put into the discard. This hardly evoked expressions of brotherly love to certain of the neighbors who owned those dogs. To be emphatic about it, I say that there isn't a dog worthy enough to be permitted to destroy food—wantonly. Particularly is this true in these times when food conservation is vital to the war effort. Maybe it's the Scotch in me that speaks (don't get me wrong—I mean the frugal streak) but with prices of food being what they are, this makes a double damage on the part of the pooch.

Still another count against the dog out of control—all these charges are

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against the owner, not the dog—is the habit of some of fouling a neighbor's premises, using porches, lawns, shrubbery—digging into vegetable and flower beds and lawns, and being generally destructive.

Here's where the owner of the canine hobo gets it right where he or she deserves it—in the neck! If the dog happens to be a fairly good looking specimen of its breed (assuming that it is a pure-bred) that purp runs some risk of being swiped by certain naughty persons who make dog-stealing a livelihood. Dog-stealing has become one of our most flourishing rackets. Our friend may be dognapped in New York City or its environs in the morning and sold to a pet shop owner, who didn't ask too many questions, in Philadelphia that same afternoon. Note: if you buy what is represented to you, as a pedigreed dog, ask the dealer to hold the dog until you can verify the pedigree with the breeder or ask to see its certificate of registration from the American Kennel Club. Either of such measures is a certain assurance that the dealer is on the level. In the matter of the certificate, that is an official document, but the dealer may not possess that as many puppies are sold long before they are registered. Mind you, I'm not inferring that all dog dealers are Slippery Jims. I'm referring to those comparatively few who'll go far to earn a penny.

To me, there is always a comic note in the wail of the dog owner whose purp may be picked up by the dog catcher. If the dog weren't permitted to gallop all over the lot, Mr. Dog Catcher would never get him. Usually these are dogs that are not licensed anyway and by far the majority are of mixed breed. The man who owns a purebred which he values usually sees to it that his dog is licensed and is not allowed to become a wanderer. That owner, as a rule, has paid something for the dog and thus sees to it that the investment is protected by not exposing the dog to the dog catcher (or the dognapper). When such a dog is exercised it is on a leash.

Another grievance certain of our citizens hold against the tramp dog is harbored by those in suburban and rural areas containing dogs that kill chickens, eat eggs, race sheep and cattle to the point of exhaustion and sometimes even become killers of those animals. The hand of every man is rightly raised against the killer dog which, when detected, is killed. Much valuable poultry and stock has been lost through the depredations of such animals.

Next we have the persistent barker—and here's where Poppa goes to town. The owner of the persistent barker is, in a final analysis, simply an extremely selfish person who doesn't care a hoot whether his neighbor is annoyed to the point of distraction—or perhaps fatuously believes his dog can do no wrong. Now, there are some people who can

steel themselves against a dog's continued barking, but there are many others to whom this annoyance is nerve-wracking. Again I'm going to be emphatic and say that nobody has a right to maintain a dog that violates his neighbor's peace. Particularly is this true when there is someone in the vicinity who is ill, even with only a headache, or those whose work at home demands complete concentration. In either case this becomes a serious matter. The persistent barker is simply a counterpart of the spoiled child. In the case of the dog, it learns that if it makes enough noise for enough time, it will get the attention it craves. It always succeeds. The attention it deserves is to be muzzled or whacked over its rear end with some loosely folded sheets of newspaper or a switch. Dogs are quick to know how far they can go and how much they can get away with.

One other kind of stray dog is the one that has been abandoned by its owner. For that poor bloke I have only the deepest sympathy. Very often this sort of dog is by no means a tramp. In a world turned upside-down as it presently is, many people have been obliged to make drastic readjustments in their living habits. Many a couple have been separated by the demands of Uncle Sam for the services of the man of the house. Many are or have been the owners of dogs and the good wife left alone finds that Fido becomes a problem. If childless or lacking other responsibilities, the lady may go in for defense work or other employment, or she may go back to Mother who just can't tolerate a dog. The quickest, easiest solution relative to the dog is to turn it loose with a pious hope that someone will adopt it. That procedure is a definite evasion of responsibility. It means the saddling of the dog's care upon the community. This is not fair to the community and definitely cruel to the dog. If by chance you are faced with such a situation, don't abandon the dog. Try to find a good home for it. If it is 20 inches at the shoulder (high), weighs no less than 50 pounds, is healthy and between the ages of one to five years, you may be able to enlist it with the Armed Forces. This you can ascertain by writing to Dogs for Defense, Inc., 22 E. 60th Street, New York City. If the dog doesn't meet these requirements, spend the few cents it costs to advertise it for adoption. Should you be unwilling to do that, then contact some of your local vets. These as a rule know of someone who is anxious to obtain a dog free. If it comes to a point where you just can't place the pooch with anyone, then spend the few cents it requires to have the vet destroy it painlessly or turn it over to your local pound, but don't, please don't abandon it. Don't turn it loose to become a pariah upon your community, a half-starved outcast and that greatest of canine nuisances—the loose dog



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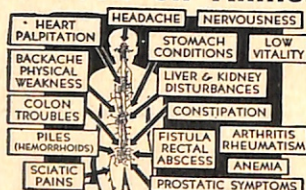
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any overwhelming love for a quitter". He helped train native women as nurses, and although they belonged to races that did not ordinarily associate, he found them all forgetting race and nationality in their work. Dr. Seagrave had little time for anything but work at Namkham, and then the war came along and real work commenced on the Burma road. And the big story in this book has to do with this doctor's work for Chinese, Burmese and British, for soldiers and natives, and the retreat from the flaming villages to India. Never at any time did Dr. Seagrave fail to face the hard task that his career demanded. He had chosen a difficult land, but he was there to help human beings and there are no complaints. Dr. Seagrave is now a lieutenant colonel in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. (W. W. Norton & Co., \$3)

**A** MIGHTY navy has come into being on the heels of disaster. The blow that the Japanese gave us at Pearl Harbor was vital, but it did not obliterate the United States Navy. The Navy recovered and began to grow. Today it is more than a match for the Japanese. Wherever it is, it is active. It seeks out the enemy and its record of offensive warfare increases in importance and scope. It's a Navy every man, woman and child ought to know all about, and an excellent way of getting it is to read "America's Navy in World War II", by Gilbert Cant, a well-organized account of what the Navy has done and may be expected to do. For when the war in the Pacific really gets going, it is bound to be "a Navy show".

Big and little ships do the work of the Navy. The submarines lie in dangerous waters, sinking transports and sometimes meeting the fate that no one can describe, for no one returns. The PT boats, fast motor-propelled torpedo boats, have more than their share of glory. The accurate fire of our cruisers and battleships has cost the Japanese a large number of fine ships. But the battle has not been one-sided. Japanese shells have hit their mark and cost us many great ships and men. Yet the Navy grows, always in a larger ratio, more powerful, more threatening to the Japanese. It is the Navy that will be there when Nippon surrenders. This is an excellent book to have for handy reference and study of the naval engagements. (John Day Co., \$3.75)

**W** HEN Jimmy Doolittle raided Tokyo and points east in B-25 bombers, he electrified two hemispheres. He thrilled his American compatriots and scared the Japanese half to death (we hope). The story of that raid belongs to the daring of pioneer

days; it was pioneering because it was the first time that the Japanese homeland had been attacked by an enemy. How it was done is the subject of Capt. Ted W. Lawson's personal account, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", which he told to Robert Con-sidine and that first-rate newspaperman put into an eloquent volume. Unquestionably this is the best of the personal experience volumes published so far, and it will have its place in history.

Lawson was a lieutenant when his commanding officer asked for volunteers for a "dangerous, important, interesting" mission. He flew to Columbia, S. C., with his B-25 and went into intensive training there and at Eglin Field near Pensacola. Secrecy was stressed; Jimmy Doolittle visited the men and cautioned them against talking; even when they were on the West Coast and boarded the carrier *Hornet* they did not know what they were supposed to do. "Tell the Navy boys nothing," was the order. And then the tension grew. And you can sit in your cosy arm-chair and read how Lawson felt when he took off for Japan and how his plane found the valley that led to Tokyo and he saw the city "spread all over creation". He had four bombs and thirty seconds and he made good use of both. He tells how he got a brief glance of the steel smelter that was one of his targets—"the plant seemed to puff out its walls and then subside and dissolve in a black and red cloud".

Lawson's trip to China and his crash landing in the water near a beach is a personal adventure of the most exciting sort. He was injured, as were several other men, but there was no medical help for them for days while they lay in poor Chinese huts. Eventually they met the crew of another plane and Dr. Thomas R. White, who amputated Lawson's leg after giving him a spinal anesthetic. And after he has told his personal story Lawson sums up the experiences of the rest, dedicating his book to ten men with the words, "They didn't get back. God help them!" The official report of the War Department is added, as well as a list of all who participated in the raid, and an account of how the *Hornet* fared when the Japanese finally found her and sank her. It's a wonderful story of resourcefulness, ingenuity and courage and ought to make clear to every American how much preparation is needed for the delivery of one telling blow. (Random House, \$2)

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Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.  
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."  
Mrs. I. F., Boothbay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

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"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

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Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

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The Weather Man, Dept. EL2  
29 East Madison Street,  
Chicago 2, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I Enclose \$1.69, You Pay Postage. ☐ 2 for \$2.98

Name.....

Address.....  
(Please print plainly)

City.....State.....



fresh reports right off the griddle every day by cable, air waves and mail, and books packed with personal and official accounts are rolling from the presses. They are grand books, for the most part, and even if some correspondents are a bit too cocky and too omniscient, they balance matters by their daring and their eagerness to send their reports home.

Air fighting is the news of this big war and we are hearing plenty about it. The heroic defense of Malta is getting into books; a good one is "Malta Spitfire", by Flying Officer George F. Buerling of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who got twenty-seven enemy aircraft, damaged eight and probably destroyed three more in fourteen days of fighting over Malta. Buerling, according to Leslie Roberts, to whom he told his story, is technically perfect and he gets results because he holds off for the necessary fraction of a second before firing—"the fraction of a second that makes the difference between perfection and the waste of ammunition brought on by sloppiness or panic".

There are plenty of books about fighting in the air, but this one also reveals how a fighter feels; how his nerves are wracked by the constant flying in the air and rushing to cover on the land; how men get moody and irritable for a variety of causes, picking quarrels or "brooding over the law of averages". If there was a lull, tempers became more rasped

for nobody knew when Jerry might strike again. "What can be tougher than to be forced to sit in a hole waiting for somebody to drop a brick on your head?"

Buerling's account of how the 250,-000 toughened "Malties" lived under fire on their treeless island and how the flyers went up in their "Spits" and fought the enemy and died, shows that air fighting is fast and furious, a rowdy, dangerous business. It took its toll of the flyers, for although Squadron 249 accounted for well over 300 hostile aircraft in the summer of 1942, it lost more than a squadron's pilot strength in men shot down. Buerling escaped death, but he was badly wounded. The nights are quieter on Malta now, but a lot of good pilots will never fly again. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

I AM still looking in vain for a novel that will win me completely to the author's world; that will close my mind to everything but the story the author weaves. Such novels do not seem to be written nowadays. The reason, no doubt, is that books about the war are so filled with adventure, with horror and hate, that imaginary stories are pale in comparison. A radio expert has discovered that horror and melodrama are not as popular as they used to be on the air waves; the competition of the war affects them too. In poetry, Stephen Vincent Benet's "Western Star" is an inspiring poetic narra-

tive of the earliest settlements in America, the first part of five in a great poem that the author was destined not to finish. It describes the first stages in the making of Americans, the changes in the characters of the settlers who are affected by our geography and conditions of life. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2). Ngaio Marsh's "Colour Scheme" is a detective novel of New Zealand in wartime, with suspicious people moving about and a tale quite different from the American mystery story. Lots of dialogue, but it holds your interest. (Little, Brown, \$2.50) I am glad to report that Viking Press has just issued a new, one-volume edition of Rebecca West's remarkable book, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon", which deals with the character and temperament of Balkan peoples, seen through the lively mind of Rebecca West. It is unlikely that the original edition, which cost \$7.50, had wide reading. Now at \$3.95 it comes within reach of a larger audience. I recommend this book heartily for leisurely reading; no one would want to rush through it and every page will reward those who enjoy fine writing and original thinking.

ALSO recommended: "War Planes of All Nations", by William Winter, a comprehensive guide to planes, giving their dimensions and capacities and something of their history, with photographs. (Crowell, \$3.)

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 30)

ship. Five lodges qualified. Those recognized and rewarded were Sioux Falls, Deadwood, Yankton, Aberdeen and Madison. Interesting figures, compiled for the twelve-month period ending April 1, 1943, by State President Dr. L. A. Young, were given out as follows: Men in the U. S. Services, 732; Naval Aviation Cadets secured, 345; Total paid Elks War Commission, \$4,930; Bonds sold through lodges, \$402,656; Bonds purchased by lodges, \$34,770; Donated to Red Cross, \$435; Spent for charity, \$16,522.47; Total lodge indebtedness retired, \$37,753.50. All of the South Dakota lodges paid their Elks War Commission quotas and subscribed to the Elks National Foundation. Plans were discussed at the convention for the expansion of the State Crippled Children's program, and State Association officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Pres., George Crane, Aberdeen; Vice-Pres.'s: H. C. Whaley, Huron, N. R. Mathers, Sioux Falls, Dr. L. A. Young, Deadwood; Secy., F. F. Otto, Yankton; Treas., M. M. Korte, Aberdeen; Trustee, Dr. F. H. Wormer, Rapid City. The 1944 convention will be held at Mitchell, S. D., under the auspices of Mitchell Lodge No. 1059.

On Saturday, before the official opening of the convention, Sioux Falls Lodge held Open House and gave a dance that night. At public exercises, held at Terrace Park on Sunday evening, music was furnished by the Sioux Falls Elks Band and a fine address was delivered by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Fred R.

Dickson, of Kearney, Neb., Lodge. Former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., representing the Elks War Commission, William R. Danforth, of Mitchell, District Deputy for South Dakota, and present and past officers of the State Association, were among the distinguished Elks who attended the convention.

### The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Wartime Conference Dates for 1943

| Association | City                   | Date                        |
|-------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Wisconsin   | Janesville             | August 19-20-21             |
| Ohio        | Cedar Point (Sandusky) | August 29-30-31-Sept. 1-2-3 |
| Colorado    | Greeley                | September 25-26             |
| Nevada      | Reno                   | October 8-9                 |

### MICHIGAN

The annual convention of the Michigan State Elks Association at Manistee on June 19-20 was held concurrently with the 50th anniversary observance of Manistee Lodge No. 250. The Golden Jubilee celebration began on the night of the 18th with the initiation of more than 50 candidates by the officers and drill team of Muskegon Lodge No. 274, assisted by their orchestra. The ceremony was followed by a stag smoker and supper.

State President Leo N. Dine, of Saginaw Lodge, presided at the afternoon

business session on Saturday the 19th. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor John S. Olson, of Manistee Lodge, and E.R. Charles J. Dovel. The meeting was followed by the Jubilee-Convention Banquet at the Hotel Chippewa. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was the principal speaker, and P.E.R. Edward Talbot was Toastmaster. As the banquet was also a stag affair, a dinner for the visiting ladies was held at the Manistee Golf and Country Club.

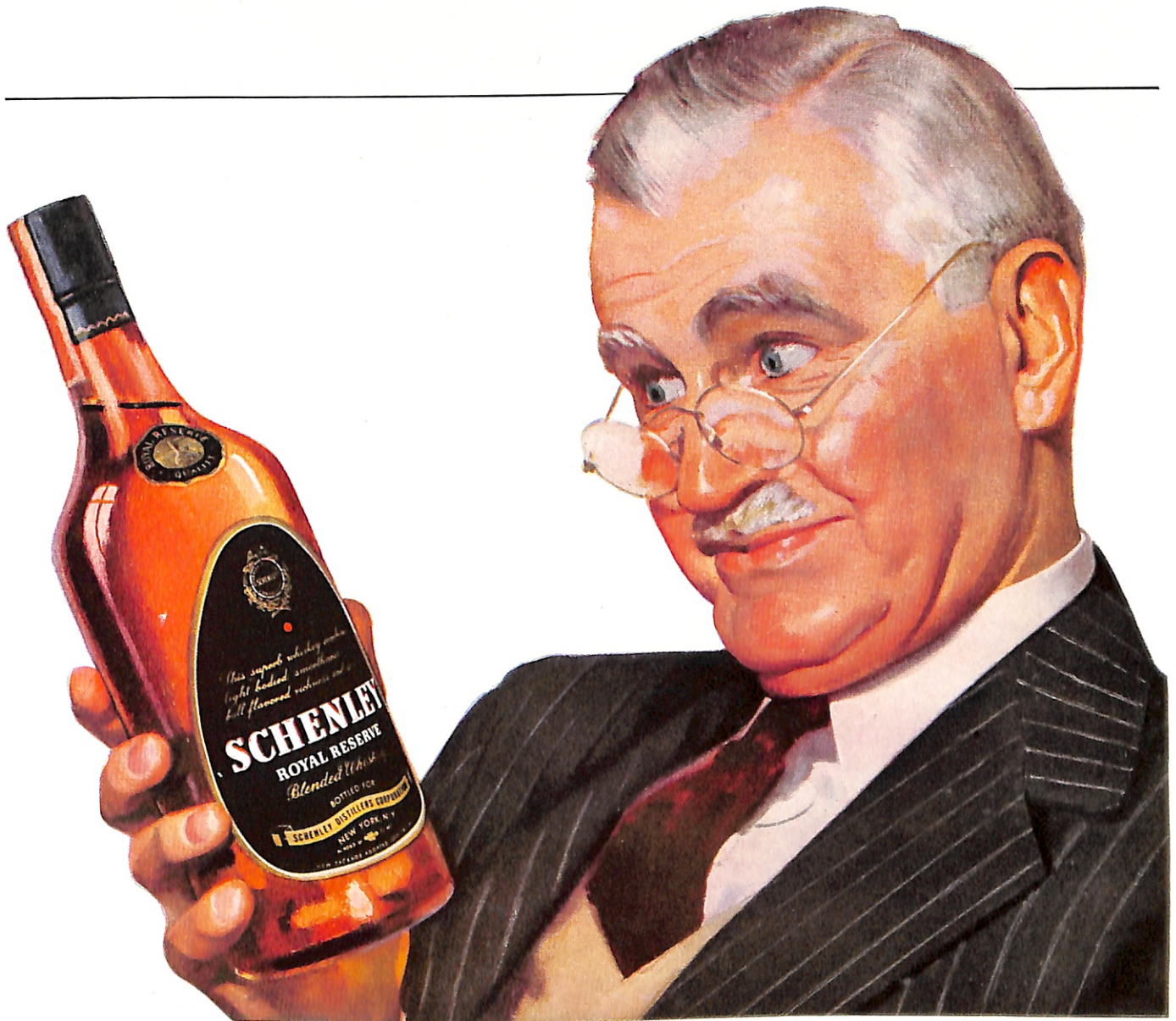
Business sessions were resumed on Sunday morning, and at eleven o'clock a Lodge of Sorrow was conducted by Ludington Lodge No. 736. The convention was brought to a close with the installation of the new officers by Past President George C. Ackers. Their names and lodges are as follows: Pres., Benjamin F. Watson, Lansing; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Owen J. Gavigan, Ludington; District Vice-Pres.'s: N. W., A. Leonard Engwall, Manistee; N. Cent., William E. Moore, Saginaw; S. W., Leland L. Hamilton, Niles; Cent., H. Vincent Kornstien, Coldwater; West, Dr. R. E. Keithly, South Haven; East, Charles A. Sparks, Pontiac; Secy., Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Treas., James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek; Trustee for four years, Don J. Bittel, Alma.

Although each lodge was limited to three official delegates, the convention attendance was well over the 200 mark. D.D. C. A. Ahnstrom, Muskegon, represented his district, Michigan, West.



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# First

## IN THE SERVICE

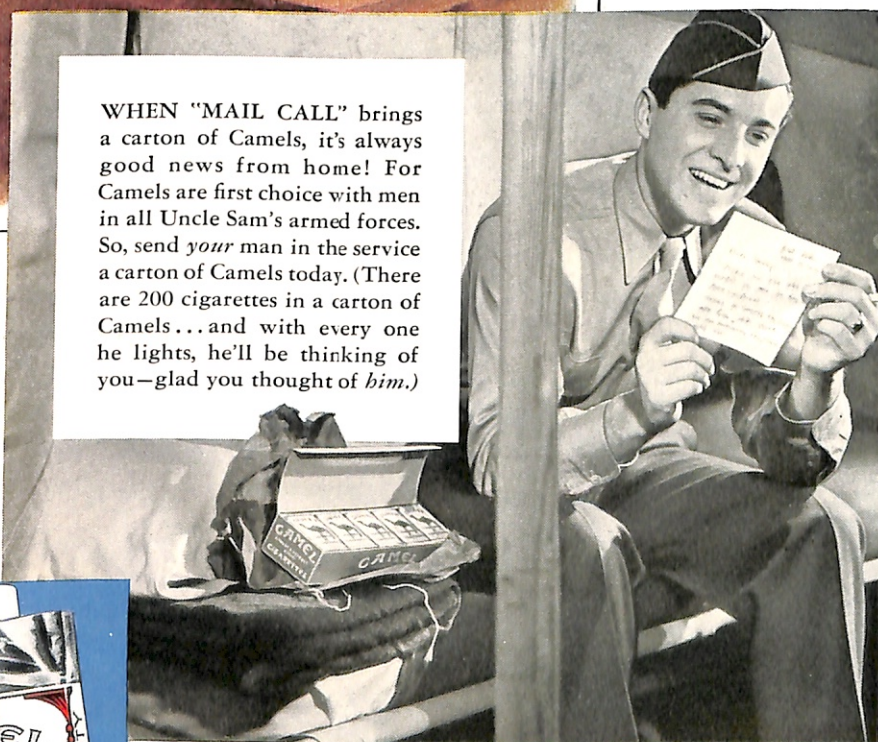
With men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

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